THE

PROVOKED HUSBAND.

Or A JOURNEY to LONDON.

A COMEDY.

WRITTEN BY

Sir JOHN VANBRUGH and Mr. CIBBER.

TAKEN FROM

THE MANAGER'S BOOK,

AT THE

Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane.

LONDON:

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COVENT-GARDEN.

MEN.

Lord Townly, -	Mr. Pope
Mr. Manly - -	Mr. Farren.
Sir Francis Wronghead	Mr. Booth.
Squire Richard -	Mr. Quick.
Jo n Moody - -	Mr. Edwin.
Count Baſſet - -	Mr. Macready,

WOMEN.

Ladv Townly -	Mrs. Abingdon.
Lady Gr ce -	Mrs. Mattocks.
Lady Wronghead -	Mrs. Webb.
Miſs Jenny -	Mrs. Brown.
Mrs. Motherly -	Mi s Platt.
Myrtilla -	Mrs. Stewart.
Mr . Truſty -	

Maſquerade s, Conſtables, Servant , &c.

The Scene Lord Townly's houſe and ſometimes Sir Francis's Lodgings.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ACT I. SCENE Lord Townly's *Apartment.*

Lord Townly *ſolus.*

WHY did I marry?—Was it not evident, my plan, rational ſcheme of life was impracticable, with a woman of ſo different a way of thinking?—Is there one article of it, that ſhe has not broke in upon?—Yes—let me do her juſtice—her reputation—That—I have no reaſon to believe is in queſtion—But then how long her profligate courſe of pleaſures may make her able to keep it—is a ſhocking queſtion! and her preſumption while ſhe keeps it—inſupportable! for on the pride of that ſingle virtue, ſhe ſeems to lay it down, as a fundamental point, that the free indulgence of every other vice, this fertile town affords, is the birthright prerogative of a woman of quality—Amazing! that a creature ſo warm in the purſuit of her pleaſures, ſhould never caſt one thought towards her happineſs—Thus, while ſhe admits no lover, ſhe thinks it a greater merit ſtill in her chaſtity not to care for her huſband; and while ſhe herſelf is ſolacing in one continual round of cards and good company, he, poor wretch! is left at large to take care of his own contentment—'Tis time indeed ſome care were taken, and ſpeedily there ſhall be—Yet let me not be raſh—Perhaps this diſapointment of my heart may make me too impatient; and ſome tempers, when reproach'd grow more untractable—Here ſhe comes—Let me be calm a while.

Enter Lady Townly.

Going out ſo ſoon, after dinner, madam?

La. Town. Lard, my Lord! what can I poſſibly do at home?

L. Town. What does my ſiſter, Lady Grace do at home?

La. Town. Why that is to me amazing! Have you ever any pleaſure at home?

L. Town. It might be in your power, madam, I confeſs to make it a little more comfortable to me.

La. Town. Comfortable? and ſo, my good lord, you would really have a woman of my rank and ſpirit, ſtay at home to comfort her huſband! Lord! what notions of life ſome men have!

L. Town. Don't you think, madam, ſome ladies notions are full as extravagant?

La. Town. Yes, my lord, when the tame doves live coop'd within the pen of your precepts, I do think them prodigious indeed!

L. Town. And when they fly wild about this town, madam, pray what muſt the world think of 'em the?

L. Town. Oh! this world is not ſo ill bred, as to quarrel with any woman for liking it.

L. Town. Nor am I, madam, a huſband ſo well bred, as to bear my wife's being ſo fond of it; in ſhort the life you lead, madam—

La. Town. Is, to me the moſt pleaſanteſt life in the world.

L. Town. I ſhould not diſpute your taſte, madam, if a woman had a right to pleaſe nobody but herſelf.

La. Town. Why, whom would you have her pleaſe?

L. Town. Sometimes her huſband.

La. Town. And don't you think a huſband under the ſame obligation!

L. Town. Certainly.

La. Town. Why then we are agreed, my lord—For if I never go abroad, till I am weary of being at home—which you know is the caſe—is it not equally reaſonable, not to come home till one's as weary of being abroad?

L. Town. If this be your rule of life, madam, 'tis time to aſk you one ſerious queſtion.

La. Town. Don't let it be long a coming then—for I am in haſte.

L. Town. Madam, when I am ſerious, I expect a ſerious anſwer.

La. Town. Before I know the queſtion?

L. Town. Pſhah—have I power, madam, to make you ſerious by intreaty.

La. Town. You have.

L. Town. And you promiſe to anſwer me ſincerely?

La. Town. Sincerely.

L. Town. Now then recollect your thoughts, and tell me ſeriouſly, why you married me?

La. Town. You inſiſt upon the truth, you ſay?

L. Town. I think I have a right to it.

La. Town. Why then, my lord, to give you at once a proof of my obedience and ſincerity—I think—I married—to take off that reſtraint that lay upon my pleaſures, while I was a ſingle woman.

L. Town. How, madam, is any woman under leſs reſtraint after marriage than before it?

La. Town. O my lord! my lord! they are quite different creatures! Wives have infinite liberties in life, that would be terrible in an unmarried woman to take.

L. Town. Name one.

La. Town. Fifty if you pleaſe—To begin then, in the morning a married woman may have men at her toilet, invite them to dinner, appoint them a party in a ſtage box at the play; engroſs the converſation there, call 'em by their chriſtian names; talk louder than the players;—from thence jaunt into the city—take a frolickſome ſupper at an India houſe—perhaps, in her *gaiete de cœur*, toaſt a pretty fellow—then clatter again to this end of the town, break with the morning into an aſſembly, crowd to the hazard table, throw a familiar levant upon ſome ſharp lurching man of quality, and if he demands his money, turn it off with a loud laugh, and cry—you'll owe it him to vex him! ha! ha!

L. Town. Prodigious! [*Aſide.*

La. Town. Theſe now my lord, are ſome few of the many modiſh amuſements that diſtinguiſh the privilege of a wife from that of a ſingle woman.

L. Town. Death! madam, what law has made theſe liberties leſs ſcandalous in a wife, than an unmarried woman!

La. Town. Why the ſtrongeſt law in the world, cuſtom—cuſtom time out of mind, my lord.

L. Town. Cuſtom, madam, is the law of fools: but it ſhall never govern me.

La. Town. Nay then, my lord, 'tis time for me to obſerve the laws of prudence.

L. Town. I wiſh I could ſee an inſtance of it.

La. Town. You ſhall have one this moment my lord: for I think, when a man begins to looſe his temper at home, if a woman has any prudence, why—ſhe'll go abroad till he comes to himſelf again. [*Going.*

L. Town. Hold madam—I am amazed you are not more uneaſy at the life we lead! you don't want ſenſe, and yet ſeem void of all humanity: for, with a bluſh I ſay it I think I have not wanted love.

La. Town. Oh! don't ſay that, my lord, if you ſuppoſe I have my ſenſes!

L. Town. What is it I have done to you? what can you complain of?

La. Town. Oh! nothing in the leaſt: 'tis true you have heard me ſay I have owed my lord Lurcher an hundred pounds this three weeks—but what then—a huſband is not liable to his wife's debts of honour, you know—and if a ſilly woman will be uneaſy about money ſhe can't be ſued for, what's that to him? as long as he loves her, to be ſure ſhe can have nothing to complain of.

L. Town. By heaven, if my whole fortune thrown into your lap, could make you delight in the chearful duties of a wife, I ſhould think myſelf a gainer by the purchaſe.

La. Town. That is, my lord, I might receive your whole eſtate, provided you were ſure I would not ſpend a ſhilling of it.

L. Town. No, madam: were I but maſter of your heart, your pleaſures would be mine; but different as they are, I'll feed even your follies, to deſerve it—perhaps you may have ſome other trifling debts of honour abroad, that keep you out of humour at home—at leaſt it ſhall not be my fault, if I have not more of your company—There, there's a bill of five hundred, and now, madam——

La. Town. And now, my lord, down to the ground I thank you—Now am I convinced, were I weak enough to love this man, I ſhould never get a ſingle guinea from him. (*Aſide.*

L. Town If it be no offence madam—

La. Town. Say what you pleaſe, my lord; I am in that harmony of ſpirits, it is impoſſible to put me out of humour.

L. Town. How long, in reaſon then, do you think that ſum ought to laſt you?

La. Town. Oh! my dear, dear lord! now you have ſpoil'd all again! how is it poſſible I ſhould anſwer for and event that ſo utterly depends upon fortune? But to ſhew you, that I am more inclined to get money, than to throw it away—I have a ſtrong poſſeſſion, that with this five hundred, I ſhall win five thouſand.

L. Town. Madam, if you were to win ten thouſand, it would be no ſatisfaction to me.

La. Town. O the churl! ten thouſand! what not ſo much as wiſh I might win ten thouſand!—Ten thouſand! O the charming ſum! what infinite pretty things might a woman of ſpirit do with ten thouſand guineas! O'my conſcience, if ſhe were a woman of true ſpirit—ſhe—might looſe 'em all again.

L. Town. And I had rather it ſhould be ſo, madam; provided I could be ſure that were the laſt you would loſe.

La. Town. Well, my lord, to let you ſee I deſign to play all the good houſewife I can; I am now going to a party at quadrille, only to piddle with a little of it, at poor two guineas a fiſh, with the ducheſs of Quiteright. (*Exit Lady Townly.*

L. Town. Inſenſible creature! neither reproaches or indulgence, kindneſs or ſeverity, can wake her to the leaſt reflection! Continual licence has lull'd her into ſuch a lethargy of care, that ſhe ſpeaks of her exceſſes with the ſame eaſy confidence, as if they were ſo many virtues. What a turn has her head taken! but how to cure it—I am afraid the phyſic muſt be ſtrong that reaches her—Lenitives, I ſee, are to no purpoſe—take my friends opinion—Manly will ſpeak freely—my ſiſter with tenderneſs to both ſides. They know my caſe—I'll talk with them.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mr. Manly, my lord, has ſent to know if your lordſhip was at home.

L. Town. They did not deny me?

Serv. No, my lord.

L. Town. Very well; ſtep up to my ſiſter, and ſay, I deſire to ſpeak with her.

Serv. Lady Grace is here, my lord (*Exit Servant.*

Enter Lady Grace.

L. Town. So lady fair; what pretty weapon have you been killing your time with?

La. Grace. A hugh folio, that has almoſt kill'd me—I think I have half read my eyes out.

L. Town. O! you ſhould not pore ſo much juſt after dinner, child.

La. Grace. That's true; but any body's thoughts are better than always one's own, you know.

L. Town. Who's there? *Enter a* Servant

Leave word at the door, I am at home to nobody but Mr. Manly. (*Exit Servant*

La. Grace. And why is he expected, pray my lord?

L. Town. I hope, madam, you have no objection to his company?

La. Grace. Your particular orders, upon my being here looks indeed, as if you thought I had not.

L. Town. And your ladyſhip's inquiry into the reaſon of thoſe orders, ſhew, at leaſt it was not a matter indifferent to you!

La. Grace. Lord, you make the oddeſt conſtructions brother.

L. Town. Look you my grave lady Grace—in one ſerious word—I wiſh you had him

La. Grace. I can't help that

L. Town. Hah! you can't help it! ha! ha! The flat ſimplicity of that reply was admirable!

La. Grace. Pooh! you teaze one brother!

L. Town. Come, I beg pardon, child—this is not a point I grant you, to trifle upon; therefore, I hope, you'll give me leave to be ſerious.

La. Grace. If you deſire it, brother; though upon my word, as to Mr. Manly's having any ſerious thoughts of me—I know nothing of it.

L. Town. Well—there's nothing wrong in your making a doubt of it—But in ſhort, I find by his converſation of late, he has been looking round the world for a wife; and, if you were to look round the world for a huſband, he's the firſt man I would give to you.

La. Grace. Then, whenever he makes me any offer, brother, I will certainly tell you of it.

L. Town. O! that's the laſt thing he'll do; he'll never make you an offer, 'till he's pretty ſure it won't be refuſed.

La. Grace. Now you make me curious. Pray! did he ever make any offer of that kind to you?

L. Town. Not directly: but that imports nothing: he is a man too well acquainted with the female world, to be brought into a high opinion of any one woman, without ſome well examined proof of her merit; yet I have reaſon to believe, that your good ſenſe, your turn of mind, and your way of life, have brought him to ſo favourable a one of you, that a few days will reduce him to talk plainly to me; which as yet, (notwithſtanding our friendſhip) I have neither declined nor encouraged him to.

La. Grace. I am mighty glad we are in the ſame way of thinking: for to tell you the truth, he is much upon the ſame terms with me: you know he has a ſatyrical turn; but never laſhes any folly, without giving due encomiums to its oppoſite virtue: and upon ſuch occaſions, he is ſometimes particular, in turning his compliments upon me, which I don't receive with any reſerve, leſt he ſhould imagine I take them to myſelf.

L. Town. You are right, child: when a man of merit makes his addreſſes, good ſenſe may give him no anſwer without ſcorn or coquetry

La. Grace. Huſh! he's here——

Enter Mr. Manly.

Man. My lord! your moſt obedient,

L. Town. Dear Manly! yours—I was thinking to ſend to you.

Man. Then I am glad I am here, my lord—Lady Grace, I kiſs your hands!—What! only you two? how many viſits may a man make, before he falls into ſuch unfaſhionable company? a brother and ſiſter ſoberly ſitting at home, when the whole town is a gadding! I queſtion it there is ſo particular a tete-a-tete again in the whole pariſh of St. James's;

La Grace. Fy! fy! Mr. Manly how cenſorious you are.

Man. I had not made the reflection, madam, but that I ſaw you an exception to it—Where's my lady?

L. Town. That I believe is impoſſible to gueſs.

Man. Then I won't try my lord—

L. Town. But 'tis probable I may hear of her by that time I have been four or five hours in bed.

Man. Now if that were my caſe, I believe I ſhould—But I beg pardon my lord.

L. Town. Indeed, ſir, you ſhall not: you will oblige me if you ſpeak out, for it was upon this head I wanted to ſee you.

Man. Why then, my lord, ſince you oblige me to proceed—If that were my caſe—I believe I ſhould certainly ſleep in another houſe

La. Grace. How do you mean?

Man. Only a compliment madam.

La. Grace. A compliment!

Man. Yes, madam, in rather turning myſelf out of doors than her.

La. Grace. Don't you think that would be going too far?

Man. I don't know but it might, madam; for, in ſtrict juſtice, I think, ſhe ought rather to go than I.

La. Grace. This is new doctrine, Mr. Manly.

Man. As old madam, as *Love, Honour and Obey!* When a woman will ſtop at nothing that's wrong, why ſhould a man balance any thing that's right?

La. Grace. Bleſs me! But this is fomenting things—

Man. Fomentations, madam, are ſometimes neceſſary to diſpell tumours tho' I don't directly adviſe my lord to do this—This is only what, upon the ſame provocation, I would do myſelf.

La. Grace. Ay, ay! you would do! batchelors' wives, indeed are finely governed.

Man. If the married men's were as well—I am apt to think we ſhould not ſee ſo many mutual plagues taking the air in ſeparate coaches!

La. Grace. Well! but ſuppoſe it your own caſe; would you

part with a wife, becauſe ſhe now and then ſtays out in the beſt company?

L. Town. Well ſaid lady Grace! come ſtand up for the privilege of your ſex! This is like to be a warm debate! I ſhall edify.

Man. Madam, I think a wife, after midnight, has no occaſion to be in better company than her huſband's; and that frequent unſeaſonable hours make the beſt company—the worſt company ſhe can fall into.

La. Grace. But if people of condition are to keep company with one another; how is it poſſible to be done, unleſs one conforms to their hours?

Man. I can't find that any woman's good breeding obliges her to conform to other people's vices.

L. Town. I doubt child, here we are got a little on the wrong ſide of the queſtion.

La. Grace. Why ſo, my lord? I can't think the caſe ſo bad as Mr. Manly ſtates it—People of quality are not to be tied down to the rules of thoſe who have their fortunes to make.

Man. No people, madam, are above being tied down to ſome rules that have fortunes to loſe.

La. Grace. Pooh! I'm ſure, if you were to take my ſide of the argument, you would be able to ſay ſomething more for it.

L. Town. Well what ſay you to that Manly?

Man. Why 'troth, my lord! I have ſo nothing to ſay.

La. Grace. Ay! that I ſhould be glad to hear now!

L. Town. Out with it!

Man. Then in one word, this, my lord—I have often thought that the miſconduct of my lady his, in a great meaſure, been owing to your lordſhip's treatment of her.

La. Grace. Bleſs me!

L. Town. My treatment!

Man. Ay, my lord; you ſo idolized her before marriage, that you even indulged her, like a miſtreſs, after it; in ſhort, you continued the lover when you ſhould have taken up the huſband.

La. Grace. O frightful! this is worſe than t'other! can a huſband love a wife too well?

Man. As eaſily madam, as a wife may love a huſband too little.

L. Town. So you two are never like to agree I find.

La Grace. Don't be poſitive, brother;—I am afraid we are both of a mind already. [*Aſide.*] And do you, at this rate, ever hope to be married, Mr. Manly?

Man. Never madam, 'till I can meet with a woman that likes my doctrine.

La. Grace. 'Tis pity but your miſtreſs ſhould hear it.

Man. Pity me, madam, when I marry the woman that wont hear it.

La. Grace. I think at leaſt, he cant ſay that's me. [*Aſide.*

Man. And ſo my lord, by giving her more power than was

needful, ſhe has none where ſhe wants it; having ſuch entire poſſeſſion of you, ſhe is not miſtreſs of herſelf! and, mercy on us! how many fine womens heads have been turned upon the ſame occaſion.

L. Town. O Manly, 'tis too true! there's the ſource of my diſquiet; ſhe knows, and has abuſed her power! Nay I am ſtill ſo weak (with ſhame I ſpeak it) 'tis not an hour ago that in the midſt of my impatience—I gave her another bill of five hundred to throw away.

Man. Well—my lord; to let you ſee I am ſometimes upon the ſide of good nature, I wont' abſolutely blame you; for, the greater your indulgence, the more you have to reproach her with.

La. Grace. Ay, Mr. Manly! here now I begin to come in with you: who knows, my lord, you may have a good account of your kindneſs!

Man. That, I am afraid, we had beſt not depend upon: but ſince you have had ſo much patience, my lord, even go on with it a day or two more; and upon her ladyſhip's next ſally, be a little rounder in your expoſtulation; if that won't work—drop her ſome cool hints of a determined reformation, and leave her—to breakfaſt upon 'em.

L. Town. You are perfectly right! how valuable is a friend.

Man. Therefore to divert that, my lord, I beg for the preſent, we may call another cauſe.

La. Grace. Ay, for goodneſs ſake, let's have done with this.

L. Town. With all my heart.

La. Grace. Have you no news abroad, Mr. Manly?

Man. *Apropos*—I have ſome, madam; and I believe my lord as extraordinary in its kind—

L. Town. Pray let's have it.

Man. Do you know that your country neighbour, and my wiſe kinſman, Sir Francis Wronghead, is coming to town with his whole family.

L. Town. The fool; what can be his buſineſs here?

Man. Oh! of the laſt importance, I'll aſſure you—No leſs than the buſineſs of the nation.

L. Town. Explain!

Man. He has carried his election againſt Sir John Worthland.

La. Town. The deuce! what for—for—

Man. The famous borough of Guzzledown!

L. Town. A proper repreſentative, indeed.

La. Grace. Pray Mr. Manly, don't I know him?

Man. You have dined with him, madam, when I was laſt down with my lord, at Bellmont.

La. Grace. Was not that he that got a little merry before dinner: and overſet the tea-table, in making compliments to my lady?

Man. The ſame.

La. Grace. Pray, what are his circumſtances? I know but very little of him.

Man. Then he is worth your knowing, I can tell you, madam. His eſtate, if clear, I believe might be a good two thouſand pounds a-year: though, as it was left him ſaddled with two jointures, and two heavy mortgages upon it, there is no ſaying what it is—But that he might be ſure never to mend it, he married a profuſe, young huſſy, for love, without ever a penny of money! Thus having, like his brave anceſtors, provided heirs for the family (for his dove breeds like a tame pigeon) he now finds children and intereſt money make ſuch a bawling about his ears, that, at laſt, he has taken the friendly advice of his kinſman, the good lord Danglecourt, to run his eſtate two thouſand pounds more in debt, to put the whole management of what's left into Paul Pillage's hands, that he may be at leiſure himſelf to retrieve his affairs, by being a parliament man.

L. Town. A moſt admirable ſcheme, indeed!

Man. And with this politic proſpect, he's now upon his journey to London—

L. Town. What can it end in?

Man. Pooh! a journey into the country again.

L. Town. Do you think he'll ſtir 'till his money's gone? or at leaſt, 'till the ſeſſion's over?

Man. If my intelligence is right, my lord, he won't ſit long enough to give his vote for a turnpike.

L. Town. How ſo?

Man. O! a bitter buſineſs; he had ſcarce a vote, in the whole town, beſides the returning officer: Sir John will certainly have it heard at the bar of the houſe, and ſend him about his buſineſs again.

L. Town Then he has made a fine buſineſs of it, indeed!

Man. Which, as far as my little intereſt will go, ſhall be done, in as few days as poſſible.

La. Grace. But why would you ruin the poor gentleman's fortune, Mr. Manly?

Man. No, Madam, I would only ſpoil his project, to ſave his fortune.

La. Grace. How are you concerned enough to do either?

Man. Why—I have ſome obligations to the family, madam: I enjoy at this time a pretty eſtate, which Sir Francis was heir at law to; but—by his being a booby; the laſt will of an obſtinate old uncle gave it to me.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. [*To Manly.*] Sir, here's one of your ſervants from your houſe deſires to ſpeak with you.

Man. Will you give him leave to come in, my lord?

L. Town. Sir—the ceremony's of your own making.

Enter Manly's Servant.

Man. Well, James! what's the matter now?

Jam. Sir, here's John Moody's juſt come to town; he ſays Sir Francis and all the family will be here to night, and is in a great hurry to ſpeak with you.

Man. Where is he?

Jam. At our house, sir: he has been gaping and stumping about the streets, in his dirty boots, and asking every one he meets, if they can tell him where he may have a good lodging for a parliament man, till he can hire a handsome whole house, fit for all his family, for the winter.

Man. I am afraid, my lord, I must wait upon Mr. Moody.

L. Town. Pr'ythee! let's have him here: he will divert us.

Man. O, my lord, he's such a cub! Not but he's so near common sense, that he passes for a wit in the family.

La Grace. I beg of all things we may have him: I am in love with nature, let her dress be never so homely!

Man. Then desire him to come hither, James. [*Exit.* James.

La Grace. Pray, what may be Mr. Moody's post?

Man. Oh! his *maitre d' hotel*, his butler, his bailiff, his hind, his huntsman; and sometimes — his companion.

L. Town. It runs in my head, that the moment this knight has set him down in the house, he will get up to give them the earliest proof of what importance he is to the public, in his own country.

Man. Yes, and when they have heard him, he will find, that his utmost importance stands valued at—sometimes being invited to dinner.

La. Grace. And her ladyship, I suppose, will make as considerable a figure, in her sphere too.

Man. That you may depend upon; for (if I dont mistake) she has ten times more of the jade in her than she yet knows of: and she will so improve in this rich soil, in a month, that she will visit all the ladies that will let her into their houses: and run in debt to all the shop-keepers that will let her into their books: in short, before her important spouse has made five pounds, by his eloquence at Westminster, she will have lost five hundred at dice and quadrille, in the parish of St. James's.

L. Town. So that, by the time he is declared unduly elected, a swarm of duns will be ready for their money; and his worship will be ready for a gaol.

Man. Yes, yes, that I reckon will close the account of this hopeful journey to London—But see, here comes the forehorse of the team!

Enter John Moody.

Oh! honest John!

J. Mood. Ad's waunds, and heart! measter Manly! I'm glad I ha' fund ye. Lawd! lawd! give me a buss! Why that's friendly naw! flesh! I thought we should never ha' got hither! Well! and how d'ye do, measter?—Good lack! I beg pardon for my bawldness—I did not see 'at his honour was there.

L. Town. Mr. Moody, your servant: I am glad to see you in London. I hope all the good family is well.

J. Mood. Thanks be praised, your honour, they are all h

etty good heart; thof' we have had a power of croſſes upo' road.

La. Grace. I hope my lady has had no hurt, Mr. Moody.

J. Mood. Noa, and pleaſe your ladyſhip, ſhe was never in better humour: there's money enough ſtirring now.

Man. What has been the matter, John?

J. Mood. Why, we came up, in ſuch a hurry, you mun think, that our tackle was not ſo tight as it ſhould be.

Man. Come, tell us all.—Pray how do they travel?

J. Mood. Why, th' ould coach, meaſter: and 'cauſe my lady loves to do things handſome, to be ſure, ſhe would have a couple of art-horſes clapt to th' four ould geldings, that neighbours might ſee ſhe went up to London in her coach and ſix! and ſo Giles Joulter, the plowman, rides poſtilion!

Man. Very well! the journey ſets out as it ſhould do. [*Aſide*] What, do they bring all the children with them too?

J. Mood. Noa, noa, only the younk ſquoire, and miſs Jenny. The other foive are all out at board, at half a crown a head a week, with Joan Growſe, at Smoak-Dunghill farm.

Man. Good again! a right Engliſh academy for younger children!

J. Mood. Anon, ſir! [*Not underſtanding him.*

La. Grace. Poor ſouls! What will become of 'em?

J. Mood. Nay, nay, for that matter, madam, they are in very good hands: Joan, loves 'um, an as thof' they were all her own: for ſhe was wet-nurſe to every mother's babe of 'um.—Ay, ay, they'll ne'er want a belly full there!

L. Town. And when do you expect them here, John?

J. Mood. Why, we were in hopes to ha' come yeſterday, an' had no' been, that the' ould wheaze belly horſe tired: and then we were ſo cruelly louden, that the two fore-wheels came ſmaſh! down at once, in Waggon-Rut Lane, and there we loſt four hours 'afore we could ſet things to rights again.

Man. So they bring all their baggage with the coach then?

J. Mood. Ay, ay, and good ſtore on't there is—Why, my lady's geer alone were as much as fill'd four portmantel trunks, beſide the great deal box, that heavy Ralph and the monkey got upon behind.

L. Town. La. Grace. and *Man.* Ha! ha! ha!

La. Grace. Well, Mr. Moody, and pray how many are they within the coach?

J. Mood. Why, there's my lady, and his worſhip; and the younk ſquoire, and miſs Jenny, and the far lap-dog, and my lady's maid, Mrs. Hundy, and Doll Tripe the cook, that's all.—Only Doll puked a little with riding backwards, ſo they hoiſted her into the coach box—and then her ſtomach was eaſy.

La. Grace. Oh! I ſee 'em! I ſee 'em go by me. Ah! ha! [*Laughing.*

J. Mood. Then you mun think, meaſter, there was ſome ſtowage for th' belly, as well as th' back too: childer are apt to be famiſht upo' th' road; ſo we had ſuch cargoes of plumb-cake, and baſkets of tongues, and biſcuits, and cheeſe, and cold boil'd beef—And then, in caſe of ſickneſs, bottles of cherry-brandy, plague-water, ſack, tent, and ſtrong beer ſo plenty as made the ould coach crack again! Mercy upon them! and ſend 'em all well to town, I ſay.

Man. Ay! And well out on't again, John.

J. Mood. Ods, bud! meaſter, you're a wiſe mon; and for that matter, ſo am I—Whoam's, whoam, I ſay: I'm ſure we ha' got but little good, e'er ſin' we turn'd our backs on't. Nothing but miſchief! Some devil's tricks or other plagued us, awth' dey lung! crack! goes one thing: Bawnee! goes another. Woa! ſays Roger—Then ſowſe! we are all ſet faſt in a ſlough. Whaw! cries miſs! ſcream go the maids! and bawl, juſt an' thof' they were ſtuck! And ſo mercy on us! this was the trade from morning to night. But my lady was in ſuch murrain haſte to be here, that ſet out ſhe would, thof I tould her, it was Childermaſs Day.

Man. Theſe ladies, theſe ladies, John—

J. Mood. Ah, meaſter! I ha' ſeen a little of 'em; and I find that the beſt—when ſhe's mended, won't ha' much goodneſs to ſpare.

L. Town. Well ſaid, John. Ha! ha!

Man. I hope, at leaſt, you and your good woman agree well.

J. Mood. Ay! ay! much of a muchneſs. Bridget ſticks to me: tho' as for her goodneſs!—why, ſhe was willing to come to London too—But hawld a bit! No, nea, ſays I, there may be miſchief enough done without you.

Man. Why that was bravely ſpoken, John, and like a man.

J. Mood. Ah, weak heart! were meaſter but hawf the man that I am—— Ods wookers! thof' he'll ſpeak ſtawtly too ſometimes—but then he canno' hawld it—no! he canno' hawld it.

L. Town. L. Grace, and *Man.* Ha! ha! ha!

J. Mood. Ods fleth! But I mun hye me whoam! th' coach will be coming every hour naw—but meaſter charged me to find your worſhip out; for he has hugey buſineſs with you, and will certainly wait upon you, by that time he can put on a clean neckcloth.

Man. O John! I'll wait upon him.

J. Mood. Why you wonno' be ſo koind, will ye?

Man. If you'll tell me where you lodge.

J. Mood. Juſt i' th' ſtreet next to where your worſhip dwells, the ſign of the Golden Ball—It's gold all over; where they ſell ribbands, and flappits, and other ſort of geer for gentlewomen.

Man. A millener's!

J. Mood. Ay, ay, one Mrs. Motherly: Waunds! ſhe has

ouple of clever girls there a ſtitching i'th' fore room.

Man. Yes, yes, ſhe is a woman of good buſineſs, no doubt n't—Who recommended that houſe to you, John?

J. Mood. The greateſt good fortune in the world, ſure? or as I was gaping about ſtreets, who ſhould look out of the indow there, but the fine gentleman, that was always riding y our coach ſide, at York races—Count—Count Baſſet; ay, hat's he.

Man. Baſſet? Oh, I remember? I know him by ſight.

J. Mood. Well! to be ſure, as civil a gentleman, to ſee to—

Man. As any ſharper in town. [*Aſide.*

J. Mood. At York, he uſed to breakfaſt with my lady every orning.

Man. Yes, yes, and I ſuppoſe her ladyſhip will return his ompliment here in town. [*Aſide.*

J. Mood. Well, meaſter—

L. Town. My ſervice to Sir Francis, and my lady, John.

La. Grace. And mine, pray, Mr. Moody.

J. Mood. Ah, your honours; they'll be proud on't, I dare y.

Man. I'll bring my compliments myſelf: So, honeſt John—

J. Mood. Dear meaſter Manly! the goodneſs of goodneſs eſs and preſerve you. [*Exit J. Mood.*

L. Town. What a natural creature 'tis!

La. Grace. Well! I can't but think John, in a wet afternoon the country, muſt be good company.

L. Town. O! the tramontane! If this were known at half quadrille-tables in town, they would lay down their cards laugh at you.

La. Grace. And the minute they took them up again they ould do the ſame at the loſers—But to let you ſee, that I ink good company may ſometimes want cards, to keep them gether, what think you, if we three ſat ſoberly down, to kill hour at ombre?

Man. I ſhall be too hard for you, madam.

La. Grace. No matter! I ſhall have as much advantage of y lord, as you have of me.

L. Town. Say you ſo, madam? Have at you then! Here! t the ombre-table, and cards. *Exit Lord Townly.*

La. Grace. Come, Mr. Manly—I know you don't forgive e now?

Man. I don't know whether I ought to forgive your think- g ſo, madam: Where do you imagine I could paſs my time agreeably?

La. Grace. I'm ſorry my lord is not here to take his ſhare the compliment—But he'll wonder what's become of us!

Man. I'll follow in a moment, madam—[*Exit La. Grace.*] It muſt be ſo—She ſees, I love her—Yet with what unof- ding decency ſhe avoids an explanation! How amiable is ry hour of her conduct! What a vile opinion have I had the whole ſex for theſe ten years paſt, which this ſenſible

creature has receiv'd in less than one! Such a companion, sure, might compensate all the irksome disappointments, the pride, folly, and falsehood ever gave me!

Could women regulate, like her, their lives,
What Halycon days were in the gift of wives!
Vain rovers, then, might envy, what they hate;
And only fools would mock the married state. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE, Mrs. Motherly's *House*. *Enter* Count Basset *and* Mrs. Motherly.

C. Baſ. I Tell you there is not such a family in England for you! Do you think I would have gone out of your lodgings for any body, that was not sure to make you easy for the winter?

Moth. Nay; I see nothing against it, Sir, but the gentleman's being a parliament-man; and when people may, as it were, think one impertinent, or be out of humour, you know, when a body comes to ask for one's own—

C. Baſ. Pshah! Pr'ythee never trouble thy head—His pay is as good as the Bank!—Why he has about two thousand pounds a year.

Moth. Alas-a-day! that's nothing: you people of ten thousand a year have ten thousand things to do with it.

C. Baſ. Nay, if you are afraid of being out of your money; what do you think of going a little with me, Mrs. Motherly.

Moth. As how?

C. Baſ. Why I have a game in my hand, in which if you'll croup me, that is, help me to play it, you shall go five hundred to nothing.

Moth. Say you so?—Why then I go, Sir—But, here comes my niece! shall we let her into the secret?

C. Baſ. Time enough! may be I may touch upon it.

Enter Myrtilla.

Moth. So niece, are all the rooms done out, and the beds sheeted?

Myr. Yes, madam; but Mr. Moody tells us the lady always burns wax in her own chamber, and we have none in the house.

Moth. Odso! then I must beg your pardon, Count; this is a busy time, you know. [*Exit Mrs. Motherly.*

C. Baſ. Myrtilla! how dost thou do child?

Myr. As well as a losing gamester can.

C. Baſ. Why, what have you lost?

Myr. What I shall never recover; and what's worse, you that have won it don't seem to be much the better for't.

C. Baſ. Why, child, dost thou ever see any body overjoy'd for winning a deep stake, six months after it's over?

Myr. Would I had never play'd for it!

C. Baſ. Pshah! hang these melancholy thoughts! we may be friends still.

Myr. Dull ones.

C. Baſ. Uſeful ones, perhaps—ſuppoſe I ſhould help thee to a good huſband?

Myr. I ſuppoſe you'll think any one good enough, that will take me off o' your hands.

C. Baſ. What do you think of the young country 'ſquire, the heir of the family that's coming to lodge here?

Myr. How ſhould I know what to think of him?

C. Baſ. Nay, I only give you the hint, child; it may be worth your while, at leaſt, to look about you—Hark! what buſtle's that without?

Enter Mrs. Motherly, *in haſte.*

Moth. Sir! Sir! the gentleman's coach is at the door! they are all come!

C. Baſ. What, already?

Moth. They are juſt getting out—won't you ſtep, and lead in my lady? Do you be in the way, niece! I muſt run and receive them. [*Exit Mrs. Motherly.*

C. Baſ. And think of what I told you. [*Exit Count.*

Myr. Ay! ay! you have left me enough to think of, as long as I live—

Mrs. Motherly *returns, ſhewing in* Lady Wronghead *led by* Count Baſſet.

Moth. If your ladyſhip pleaſes to walk into this parlour, madam, only for the preſent 'till your ſervants have got all your things in.

La. Wrong. Well! dear ſir, this is ſo infinitely obliging—I proteſt it gives me pain tho', to turn you out of your lodging thus!

C. Baſ. No trouble in the leaſt, madam; we ſingle fellows are ſoon moved: beſides, Mrs. Motherly's my old acquaintance, and I could not be her hinderance.

Moth. The Count is ſo well bred, madam, I dare ſay he would do a great deal more to accommodate your ladyſhip.

La. Wrong. O dear madam!—A good well-bred ſort of a woman. [*Apart to the Count.*

C. Baſ. O, madam, ſhe is very much among people of quality; ſhe is ſeldom without them in her houſe.

L. Wrong. Are there a good many people of quality in this ſtreet, Mrs. Motherly?

Moth. Now your ladyſhip is here, madam, I don't believe there is a houſe without them.

La. Wrong. I am mighty glad of that! for really I think people of quality ſhould always live among one another.

C. Baſ. 'Tis what one would chuſe, indeed, madam.

La. Wrong. Bleſs me! but where are the children all this while?

Moth. Sir Francis, madam, I believe, is taking care of them.

Sir Fran. [*within*] John Moody! ſtay you by the coach, and ſee all our things out—Come, children.

Moth. Here they are, madam.

Enter Sir Francis, 'Squire Richard, *and* Miſs Jenny.

Sir Fran. Well, Count! I mun ſay it, this was koind, indeed!

C. Baſ. Sir Francis! give me leave to bid you welcome to London.

Sir Fran. Pſhah! how doſt do mon—Waunds, I'm glad to ſee thee! A good ſort of a houſe this!

C. Baſ. Is not that Maſter Richard?

Sir Fran. Ey! Ey! that's young hopeful—why doſt not baw, Dick?

'Squ. Rich. So I do, feyther.

C. Baſ. Sir, I am glad to ſee you—I proteſt Mrs. Jane is grown ſo, I ſhou'd not have known her.

Sir Fran Come forward, Jenny.

Jenny. Sure, papa, do you think I don't know how to behave myſelf?

C. Baſ. If I have permiſſion to approach her, Sir Francis—

Jenny. Lord, ſir, I am in ſuch a frightful pickle— [*Salute.*

C. Baſ. Every dreſs that's prop.r muſt become you, madam—you have been a long journey.

Jenny. I hope you'll ſee me in better, to-morrow, ſir.

[*La. Wrong. whiſpers* Mrs. Moth. *pointing to* Myrt.

Moth. Only a niece of mine, madam, that lives with me; ſhe will be proud to give your ladyſhip any aſſiſtance, in her power.

La. Wrong. A pretty ſort of a young woman—Jenny, you two muſt be acquainted.

Jenny. O, mama! I am never ſtrange in a ſtrange place! [*Saluts Myrtilla.*

Myr. You do me a great deal of honour, madam—Madam, your ladyſhip's welcome to London.

Jenny. Mama! I like her prodigiouſly! ſhe call'd me my ladyſhip.

'Squ. Rich. Pray mother, maun't I be acquainted with her too?

La. Wrong. You you clown; ſtay 'till you learn a little more breeding firſt.

Sir Fran. Od's heart! my lady Wronghead! why do you baulk the lad? how ſhould he ever learn breeding, if he does not put himſelf forward?

'Squ Rich. Why ay, feather, does moather think 'at I'd be uncivil to her.

Myr. Maſter has ſo much good humour, madam, he would ſoon gain upon any body. (*He kiſſes Myr.*

'Squ. Rich. Lo'you there moather: and you would be but quiet, ſhe and I ſhould do well enough.

La. Wrong. Why how now, ſirrah! Boys muſt not be ſo familiar.

'Squ. Rich. Why, 'an I know nobody, haw the murrain mun I paſs my time here, in a ſtrange place? Naw, you, and I an

…er forſooth, ſometimes, in an afternoon, may play at one-and-…hirty bone-ace purely.

Jenny. Speak for yourſelf, ſir! d'ye think I play at ſuch …lowni…h games?

Squ. Rich. Why and you woan't, yo' ma' let it aloane; then …he, and I, may hap, will have a baw't at all-fours without you.

Sir Fran. Noa! noa! Dick, that won't do neither; you muſt …arn to make one at ombre, here, child.

Myr. If maſter pleaſes I'll ſhew it him.

Squ. Rich. What! the Humber! Hoy day! what does our …ver run to this tawn, feyther?

Sir Fran. Pooh! you ſilly tony! Ombre is a geam at cards …hat the better ſort of people play three together at.

Squ. Rich. Nay the moare the merrier, I ſay; but ſiſter is …lways ſo croſs grain'd—

Jenny. Lord! this boy is enough to deaf people—and one …as been ſtuff'd up in a coach ſo long, that—Pray madam—could …ot I get a little powder for my hair?

Myr. If you pleaſe to come along with me, madam.

(*Exeunt Myrtilla and Jenny.*

Squ. Rich. What has ſiſter taken her away naw! meſs, I'll …and have a little game with 'em. [*Exit after them.*

La. Wrong. Well, Count, I hope you won't ſo far change …ur lodgings, but you will come, and be at home here ſome-…mes?

Sir Fran. Ay, ay, pr'ythee come and take a bit of mutton …th us, naw and tan, when thou'ſt nowght to do.

C. Baſ. Well, ſir Francis you ſhall find I'll make but very …tle ceremony

Sir Fran. Why ay naw, that's hearty.

Moth. Will your ladyſhip pleaſe to refreſh yourſelf with a …h of tea, after your fatigue? I think I have pretty good.

La. Wrong. If you pleaſe Mrs. Motherly; but I believe we …e beſt have it above ſtairs.

Moth. Very well madam: it ſhall be ready immediately.

(*Exit Mrs. Motherly.*

La. Wrong. Won't you walk up, ſir?

Sir Fran. Moody!

C. Baſ. Shan't we ſtay for ſir Francis, madam.

La. Wrong. Lard! don't mind him, he will come if he likes it.

Sir Fran. Ay, ay, ne'er heed me—I ha' things to look after.

(*Exit Lady Wronghead, and Count Baſſet.*

Enter John Moody.

Mood. Did your worſhip want me?

Sir Fran. Ay, is the coach clean'd? and all our things in?

Mood. Aw but a few bandboxes, and the nook that's left …goose poy—But a plague on him, th' monkey has gin us …ſlip; I think—I ſuppoſe he's goan to ſee his relations; for …looks to be a power of 'um in this tawn—but heavy Ralph …awer'd after him.

Sir Fran. Why let him go to the devil!—no matter and the hawnds had had him a month agoe—but I wiſh the coach and horſes were got ſafe to th' inn! This is a ſharp tawn, we mun look about us here, John, therefore I would have you goa along with Roger, and ſee that no body runs away with them before they get to the ſtable.

J. Mood. Alas-a-day, ſir; I believe our ould cattle woan't eaſily be run away with to night—but howſomdever, we'ſt ta' the beſt care we can of 'um poor ſawls.

Sir Fran. Well, well; make haſte then—

Moody goes out and returns.

J. Mood. Od's-fleſh; here's meaſter Monly come to wait upon your worſhip.

Sir Fran. Wheere is he,

J Mood. Juſt coming in, at threſhold.

Sir Fran. Then goa about your buſineſs. (*Exit Mood.*

Enter Manly.

Couſin Monly! ſir, I am your very humble ſervant.

Man. I heard you were come, ſir Francis—and—

Sir Fran. Od a heart this was ſo kindly done of you, naw.

Man. I wiſh you may think it ſo, couſin! for I confeſs, I ſhould have been better pleaſed to have ſeen you in any other place.

Sir Fran. How ſoa, ſir?

Man Nay, 'tis for your own ſake; I'm not concern'd.

Sir Fran. Look'you couſin! thof' I know you wiſh me well; yet I don't queſtion I ſhall give you ſuch weighty reaſons for what I have done, that you will ſay, ſir, this is the wiſeſt journey that ever I made in my life.

Man. I think it ought to be, couſin; for I believe you will find it the moſt expenſive one—your election did not coſt you a trifle, I ſuppoſe.

Sir Fran. Why ay, it's true, that—that did lick a little; but if a man's wife, (and I han't fawnd yet that I'm a fool) there are ways, couſin, to lick one's ſelf whole again.

Man. Nay, if you have that ſecret—

Sir Fran. Don't you be fearful, couſin—you'll find that I know ſomething.

Man. If it be any thing for your good, I ſhould be glad to know it too.

Sir Fran. In ſhort then, I have a friend in a corner, that has let me a little into what's what, at Weſtminſter—that's one thing.

Man. Very well! but what good is that to do you?

Sir Fran. Why not me, as much as it does other folks?

Man. Other people I doubt, have the advantage of different qualifications.

Sir Fran. Why ay, there it is naw! you'll ſay that I have lived all my days in the country—what then—I'm o'th' Quorum—I have been at ſeſſions, and I have made ſpeeches theere! ay, and at veſtry too—and mayhap they may find here—that

I have brought my tongue up to town with me! D'ye take me naw?

Man. If I take your caſe right, couſin, I am afraid the firſt occaſion you will have for your eloquence here, will be, to ſhew that you have any right to make uſe of it all.

Sir Fran. How d'ye mean?

Man. That ſir John Worthland has lodged a petition againſt you.

Sir Fran. Petition! why aye, there let it lie—we'll find a way to deal with that, I warrant you—why you forget, couſin, ſir John's o'th' wrung ſide, mon.

Man. I doubt, ſir Francis, that will do you but little ſervice; for in caſes very notorious (which I take your's to be) there is ſuch a thing as a ſhort day, and diſpatching them immediately.

Sir Fran. With all my heart, the ſooner I ſend him home again the better.

Man. And this is the ſcheme you have laid down, to repair your fortune?

Sir Fran. In one word, couſin, I think it my duty! the Wrongheads have been a conſiderable family, ever ſince England was England; and ſince the world knows I have talents wherewithal, they ſhan't ſay it's my fault, if I don't make as good a figure as any that ever were at the head on't.

Man. Nay! this project, as you have laid it, will come up to any thing your anceſtors have done theſe five hundred years.

Sir Fran. And let me alone to work it; mayhap I hav'n't told you all neither.—

Man. You aſtoniſh me; what! and is it full as practicable as what you have told me.

Sir Fran. Ay, thof I ſay it—every whit couſin, you'll find that I have more irons i'th' fire than one, I doan't come of a fools errand.

Man. Very well.

Sir Fran. In a word, my wife has got a friend at court, as well as myſelf, and her dowghter Jenny is naw pretty well grown up—

Man. [*Aſide.*]—And what in the devil's name would he do with the dowdy?

Sir Fran. Naw, if I don't lay in for a huſband for her, mayhap i'this tawn ſhe may be looking out for herſelf.—

Man. Not unlikely.

Sir Fran. Therefore, I have ſome thoughts of getting her to be maid of honour.

Man. [*Aſide.*] Oh! he has taken my breath away! but I muſt hear him out.—Pray, Sir Francis, do you think her education has yet qualified her for a court?

Sir Fran. Why, the girl is a little too mettleſome, it's true: but ſhe has tongue; ſhe wount be daſht! Then ſhe ſhall learn

to dance forthwith, and that will soon teach her how to ſtand ſtill you know.

Man. Very well; but when ſhe is thus accompliſht, you muſt ſtill wait for a vacancy.

Sir Fran. Why I hope one has a good chance for that every day, couſin! For if I take it right, that's a poſt, that folks are not more willing to get into, than they are to get out of—it's like an orange tree, upon that accawnt—it will bear bloſſoms, and fruit that's ready to drop, at the ſame time.

Man. Well, ſir, you beſt know how to make good your pretenſions! but pray where is my Lady, and my young couſins? I ſhould be glad to ſee them too.

Sir Fran. She is but juſt taking a diſh of tea with the count and my landlady—I'll call her down.

Man. No, no, if ſhe's engaged, I ſhall call again.

Sir Fran. Od's-heart! but you mun ſee her naw, couſin; ſweetheart [*To a Servant without.*] pr'ythee deſire my lady and the gentleman, to come down a bit; tell her, here's couſin Manly come to wait upon her.

Man. Pray, ſir, who may the gentleman be?

Sir Fran. You mun know him, to be ſure; why it's Count Baſſet.

Man. Oh, is it he?—Your family will be infinitely happy in his acquaintance.

Sir Fran. Troth! I think ſo too; he's the civileſt man that ever I knew in my life—why! here he would go out of his lodging, at an hour's warning purely to oblige my family. Wain't that kind naw?

Man. Extremely civil—The family is in admirable hands already. [*Aſide.*

Sir Fran. Then my lady likes him hugely—all the time of York races, ſhe would never be without him.

Man. That was happy indeed! and a prudent man, you know, ſhould always take care that his wife may have innocent company.

Sir Fran. Why ay! that's it! and I think there could not be ſuch another.

Man. Why truly, for her purpoſe, I think not.

Sir Fran. Only naw and tan, he—he ſtands a leetle too much upon ceremony; that's his fault.

Man. O never fear, he'll mend that every day—Mercy on us! what a head he has. [*Aſide.*

Sir Fran. So! here they come.

Enter Lady Wronghead. Count Baſſet. *and* Mrs. Motherly.

La. Wrong. Couſin Manly this is infinitely obliging; I am extremely glad to ſee you.

Man. Your moſt obedient ſervant, madam; I am glad to ſee your ladyſhip look ſo well, after your journey.

La. Wrong. Why, really, coming up to London is apt to put a little more life in one's looks.

Man. Yet the way of living here is very apt to deaden

complexion—and give me leave to tell you, as a friend, madam, you are come to the worſt place in the world, for a good woman to grow better in.

La. Wrong. Lord, couſin, how ſhould people ever make any figure in life, that are always moped up in the country?

C. Baſ. Your Ladyſhip certainly takes the thing in a quite right light, madam. Mr. Manly, your humble ſervant—a hem

Man. Familiar puppy! [*Aſide.*] Sir, your moſt obedient—I muſt be civil to the raſcal to cover my ſuſpicion of him. [*Aſide.*

C. Baſ. Was you at White's this morning, ſir?

Man. Yes, ſir, I juſt called in.

C. Baſ. Pray—what—was there any thing done there?

Man. Much as uſual, ſir; the ſame daily carcaſes, and the ſame crows about them.

C. Baſ. The Demoivre Baronet had a bloody tumble yeſterday.

Man. I hope, ſir, you had your ſhare of him?

C. Baſ. No faith I came in when it was all over—I think I juſt made a couple of bets with him, took up a cool hundred, and ſo went to the King's Arms.

La. Wrong. What a genteel, eaſy manner he has! [*Aſide.*

Man. A very hopeful acquaintance I have made here. [*Aſide.*

Enter 'Squire Richard, *with a wet brown paper on his face.*

Sir Fran. How naw Dick! what's the matter with thy forehead, lad?

'Squ. Rich. I ha getten a knuck upon't.

La. Wrong. And how did you come by it, you heedleſs creature?

'Squ. Rich. Why I was but running after ſiſter, and t'other young woman, into a little room juſt naw; and ſo with that, they ſlapt the door full in my feace, and gave me ſuch a whurr here—I thowght they had beaten my brains out, ſo I gut a dab of wet brown paper here, to ſwage it a while.

La. Wrong. They ſerved you right enough! will you never have done with your horſe play?

Sir Fran. Pooh! never heed it, lad! it will be well by to-morrow—the boy has a ſtrong head.

Man. Yes, truly, his ſkull ſeems to be of a comfortable thickneſs. [*Aſide.*

Sir Fran. Come, Dick, here's couſin Manly—Sir, this is your god ſon.

'Squ. Rich. Honour'd gudfeyther! I crave leave to aſk your bleſſing.

Man. Thou haſt it, child—and if it will do thee any good, may it be to make thee, at leaſt, as wiſe a man as thy father.

La. Wrong. Oh, here's my daughter too.

Enter Miſs Jenny.

La. Wrong. Miſs Jenny, don't you ſee your couſin, child?

Man. And for thee, my pretty dear—(*Salutes her*) may'ſt thou be, at leaſt, as good a woman as thy mother.

Jenny. I wiſh I may ever be ſo handſome, ſir.

Man. Hah! miſs Pert, now that's a thought that ſeems to

have been hatcht in the girl on this ſide Highgate. (*Aſide*

Sir Fran. Her tongue is a little nimble, ſir.

La. Wrong. That's only from her country education, Sir Francis. You know ſhe has been kept too long there—ſo I brought her to London, ſir, to learn a little more reſerve and modeſty.

Man. O, the beſt place in the world for it—every woman ſhe meets will teach her ſomething of it.—There's the good gentlewoman of the houſe, looks like a knowing perſon; even ſhe perhaps will be ſo good as to ſhew her a little London behaviour.

Moth. Alas, ſir, miſs won't ſtand long in need of my inſtructions.

Man. That I dare ſay; what thou canſt teach her, ſhe will ſoon be miſtreſs of. (*Aſide.*

Moth. If ſhe does, ſir, they ſhall always be at her ſervice.

La. Wrong. Very obliging indeed, Mrs. Motherly.

Sir Fran. Very kind and civil truly—I think we are got into a mighty good hawſe here.

Man. O yes, and very friendly company.

C. Baſ. Humph! I' gad I don't like his looks—he ſeems a little ſmoaky—I believe I had as good bruſh off—If I ſtay I don't know but he may aſk me ſome odd queſtions.

Man. Well, ſir, I believe you and I do but hinder the family——

C. Baſ. It's very true, ſir—I was juſt thinking of going—He don't care to leave me, I ſee: but it's no matter, we have time enough. (*Aſide.*) And ſo, ladies, without ceremony, your humble ſervant. (*Exit* Count Baſſet *and drops a letter.*

La. Wrong, Ha! what paper's this? Some billetdoux, I'll lay my life; but this is no place to examine it.

(*Puts it in her pocket.*

Sir Fran. Why in ſuch haſte, couſin?

Man. O, my lady muſt have a great many affairs upon her hands, after ſuch a journey.

La. Wrong. I believe, ſir, I ſhall not have much leſs every day, while I ſtay in this town, of one ſort or other.

Man. Why truly, ladies ſeldom want employment here, madam.

Jenny. And mama did not come to it to be idle, ſir.

Man. Nor you neither, I dare ſay, my young miſtreſs.

Jenny. I hope not ſir.

Man. Ha! Miſs Mettle!—Where are you going, ſir?

Sir Fran. Only to ſee you to the door, ſir.

Man. Oh! Sir Francis, I love to come and go without ceremony.

Sir Fran. Nay, ſir, I muſt do as you will have me—Your humble ſervant. (*Exit Man.*

Jenny. This couſin Manly, papa, ſeems to be of an odd ſort of a crufty humour——I don't like him half ſo well as the Count.

Sir Fran. Pooh! that's another thing, child—Couſin is a little proud indeed! but however you muſt always be civil to him, for he has a deal of money; and nobody knows who he may give it to.

La. Wrong. Pſhah! a fig for his money; you have ſo many projects of late about money, ſince you are a parliament man: what! we muſt make ourſelves ſlaves to his impertinent humours, eight or ten years perhaps, in hopes to be his heirs; and then he will be juſt old enough to marry his maid.

Moth. Nay for that matter, madam, the town ſays he is going to be married altogether.

Sir Fran. Who? couſin Manly!

La. Wrong. To whom, pray?

Moth. Why, is it poſſible your ladyſhip ſhould know nothing of it?—to my lord Townly's ſiſter, lady Grace.

La. Wrong. Lady Grace?

Moth. Dear madam, it has been in the newſpapers.

La. Wrong. I don't like that neither.

Sir Fran. Naw I do; for then it's likely it mayn't be true.

La. Wrong. (*Aſide.*) If it is not too far gone, at leaſt it may be worth one's while to throw a rub in his way.

Jon. Rich. Pray feyther haw lung will it be to ſupper?

Sir Fran. Odſo! that's true!

Enter John Moody.

Sir Fran. So John, how are the horſes?

J. Mood. Troth, ſir, I ha' noa good opinion o' this tawn; it's made up o' miſchief, I think.

Sir Fran. What's the matter naw?

J. Mood. Why, I'll tell your worſhip—before we were got to the ſtreet end with the coach here, a great luggerhead cart, with wheels as thick as a brick wall, laid hawld on't, and has poo'd it aw to bits; crack! went the perch! down goes the coach! and whang! ſays the glaſſes, all to ſhivers! marcy upon us! and this be London! would we were all well i'th' country ageen.

Jenny. What have you to do, to wiſh us all in the country again, Mr. Lubber? I hope we ſhall not go into the country again theſe ſeven years, mamma; let twenty coaches be pull'd to pieces.

Sir Fran. Hold your tongue Jenny!—Was Roger in no fault, in all this?

J. Mood. Noa, ſir, nor I noather—Are not you aſheam'd, ſays Roger to the carter, to do ſuch an unkind thing by ſtrangers? Noa, ſays he, you bumpkin. Sir, he did the thing on very purpoſe, and ſo the folks ſaid that ſtood by.—Very well, ſays Roger now ſhall ſee what our meaſter will ſay to ye! Your meaſter! ſays he; your meaſter may kiſs my—and ſo he clapt his hand a-cock there, and like your worſhip. Fleſh! I thought they had better breeding in this tawn.

Sir Fran. I'll teach this raſcal ſome, I warrant him! Odſbud! if I take him in hand, I'll play the devil with him.

Squ. Rich. Ay do, feyther, have him before the parliament.

Sir Fran. Odsbud! and ſo I will—I will make him know who I am! Where does he live?

J. Mood. I believe in London, ſir.

Sir Fran What's the raſcal's name?

J. Mood. I think I heard ſomebody call him Dick.

Squ. Rich What my name?

Sir Fran. Where did he go?

J. Mood. Sir, he went home.

Sir Fran. Where's that?

J. Mood. By my troth, ſir I doan't know, I heard him ſay he would croſs the ſame ſtreet again to morrow; and if we had a mind to ſtand in his way he would pool us over and over again.

Sir Fran. Will he ſo! Odſzooks get me a conſtable.

La. Wrong. Pooh! get you a good ſupper. Come, ſir Francis, don't put yourſelf in a heat for what can't be help't. Accidents will happen to people that travel abroad to ſee the world—For my part, I think it's a mercy it was not overturn'd before we were all out on't.

Sir Fran. Why ay, that's true again my dear.

La. Wrong. Therefore ſee to morrow if we can buy one at ſecond hand, for preſent uſe: ſo beſpeak a new one, and then all's eaſy.

J. Mood. Why troth, ſir, I doan't think this could have held you above a day longer,

Sir Fran. D'ye think ſo, John?

J. Mood. Why you h' had it ever ſen' your worſhip were high-ſheriff.

Sir Fran. Why then go and ſee what Doll has got us for ſupper——and come and get of my boots.

(*Exeunt* Sir Francis *and* John Moody.

La. Wrong. In the mean time, miſs, do you ſtep to Hand, and bid her get me ſome freſh night cloaths (*Exit* La. Wrong.

Jenny. Yes, mama, and ſome for myſelf too. [*Exit* Jenny.

Squ. Rich. Od's fleſh! and what mun I do all alone?
I'll e'en ſeek out where t'other pratey miſs is,
And ſhe and I'll go play at cards for kiſſes.

ACT III. SCENE, Lord Townly's *Houſe.*

Enter Lord Townly, *a ſervant attending.*

La. Town. WHO's there?

Serv. My Lord!

L. Town. Bid them get dinner—Lady Grace, your ſervant.

Enter Lady Grace.

La. Grace. What, is the Houſe up already? My lady is not dreſt yet.

L. Town. No matter—'tis three o'clock—ſhe may break my reſt, but ſhe ſhall not alter my hours.

La. Grace. Nay, you need not fear that now, for ſhe dines abroad

L. Town. That, I ſuppoſe, is only an excuſe for her not being ready yet.

La. Grace. No, upon my word ſhe is engaged to company.

L. Town. Where, pray?

La Grace. At my lady Revel's; and you know they never dine 'till ſupper time.

L. Town. No truly—ſhe is one of thoſe orderly ladies, who never let the ſun ſhine upon any of their vices—But prythee, ſiſter, what humour is ſhe in to day?

La. Grace. O! in tip top ſpirits, I can aſſure you—ſhe won a good deal laſt night.

L. Town. I know no difference between her winning or loſing, while ſhe continues her courſe of life.

La. Grace. However, ſhe is better in good humour than bad.

L. Town. Much alike: when ſhe is in good humour, other people only are the better for it: when in a very ill humour, then, indeed, I ſeldom fail to have my ſhare of her.

La. Grace. Well, we won't talk of that now—Does any body dine here?

L. Town. Manly promiſed me—by the way, madam, what do you think of his laſt converſation?

La. Grace.—I am a little at a ſtand about it.

L. Town. How ſo?

La. Grace. Why—I don't know how he can ever have any thoughts of me, that could lay down ſuch ſevere rules upon vives in my hearing.

L. Town. Did you think his rules unreaſonable?

La. Grace. I can't ſay I did: but he might have had a little more complaiſance before me, at leaſt.

L. Town. Complaiſance is only a proof of good breeding: but his plainneſs was a certain proof of his honeſty; nay of his good opinion of you: for he would never have opened himſelf ſo freely, but in confidence that your good ſenſe could not be diſobliged at it.

La. Grace. My good opinion of him, brother, has hitherto been guided by yours: but I have received a letter this morning, that ſhews him a very different man from what I thought him.

L. Town. A letter! from whom?

La. Grace. That I don't know, but there it is. [*Gives a letter.*

L. Town. Pray let's ſee, (*Reads.*

"The incloſed, madam, fell accidentally into my hands; if it no ways concerns you, you will only have the trouble of reading this, from you ſincere friend and humble ſervant, Un known, &c."

La. Grace. And this was incloſed. (*Giving another.*

L. Town. (*Reads.*) To Charles Manly, eſq.

"Your manner of living with me of late, convinces me that I now grow as painful to you, as to myſelf but, however, though you can love me no longer, I hope you will not let me live worſe than I did, before I left an honeſt in-

come, for the vain hopes of being ever yours,

MYRTILLA

P. S. 'Tis above four months ſince I received a ſhilling from you.

La. Grace. What think you now?

L. Town. I am conſidering——

La. Grace. You ſee it's directed to him——

L. Town. That's true! but the poſtſcript ſeems to be a reproach, that I think he is not capable of deſerving.

La. Grace. But who could have concern enough to ſend it to me?

L. Town. I have obſerved, that theſe ſort of letters from unknown friends, generally come from ſecret enemies.

La. Grace. What would you have me do in it?

L. Town. What I think you ought to do——fairly ſhew it him, and ſay I adviſed you to it.

La. Grace. Will not that have a very odd look from me?

L. Town. Not at all, if you uſe my name in it: if he is innocent, his impatience to appear ſo, will diſcover his regard to you; if he is guilty, it will be your beſt way of preventing his addreſſes.

La. Grace. But what pretence have I to put him out of countenance?

L. Town. I can't think there's any fear of that.

La. Grace. Pray what is't you do think then?

L. Town. Why certainly, that it's much more probable this letter may be all an artifice, than that he is in the leaſt concern in it.—— *Enter a Servant.*

Serv. Mr. Manly, my lord.

L. Town. Do you receive him, while I ſtep a minute into my lady. [*Exeunt Lord Townly and Servant.*

Enter Manly.

Man. Madam, your moſt obedient: they told me, my lord was here.

La. Grace. He will be here preſently; he is but juſt gone to my ſiſter.

Man. So! then my lady dines with us.

La. Grace. No; ſhe is engaged.

Man. I hope you are not of her party, madam?

La. Grace. Not till after dinner.

Man. And pray how may ſhe have diſpoſed of the reſt of the day;

La. Grace. Much as uſual! ſhe has viſits 'till about eight; after that, till court-time, ſhe is to be at quadrille, at lady Idle's: after the drawing room, ſhe takes a ſhort ſupper with my lady Moonlight. And from thence they go together to lord Noble's aſſembly.

Man. And are you to do all this with her, madam?

La. Grace. Only a few of the viſits: I would indeed have drawn her to the play; but I doubt we have ſo much upon our hands, that will not be practicable.

Man. But how can you forbear all the reſt of it?

La. Grace. There's no great merit in forbearing what one is t charm'd with.

Man. And yet I have found that very difficult, in my time.

La. Grace. How do you mean?

Man Why, I have paſs'd a great deal of my life in the hur- of the ladies, though I was generally better pleaſed when I s at quiet without 'em.

La. Grace. What induced you, then, to be with them?

Man. Idleneſs and the faſhion.

La. Grace. No miſtreſſes in the caſe?

Man. To ſpeak honeſtly—yes— Being often in the toyſhop, ere was no forbearing the bawbles.

La. Grace. And of courſe, I ſuppoſe, ſometimes you were mpted to pay for them twice as much as they were worth.

y, I ſpeak only from my little experience: for (I'll be free h you, Mr. Manly) I don't know a man in the world, that, appearance, might better pretend to a woman of the firſt merit an yourſelf: and yet I have a reaſon, in my hand here, to ink you have your failings.

Man. I have infinite, madam; but I am ſure, the want of an plicit reſpect for you, is not among the number——Pray hat is in your hand, madam?

La. Grace. Nay, ſir, I have no title to it; for the direction to you. [*Gives him a letter.*

Man. To me! I don't remember the hand———

[*Reads to himſelf,*

La. Grace. I can't perceive any change of guilt in him! and s ſurpriſe ſeems natural; [*Aſide*]———Give me leave to ll you one thing by the way, Mr. Manly; that I ſhould never ve ſhewn you this, but that my brother enjoyn'd me to it.

Man. I take that to proceed from my lord's good opinion of e, madam.

La. Grace. I hope at leaſt, it will ſtand as an excuſe for my king this liberty.

Man. I never yet ſaw you do any thing, madam, that wanted excuſe; and, I hope, you will not give me an inſtance to the ntrary, by refuſing the favour I am going to aſk you.

La. Grace. I don't believe I ſhall refuſe any, that you think roper to aſk.

Man. Only this, madam; to indulge me ſo far as to let me now how this letter came into your hands.

La. Grace. Inclоſed to me in this, without a name.

Man, If there be no ſecret in the contents, madam,———

La. Grace. Why——there is an impertinent inſinuation in : but as I know your good ſenſe will think it ſo too, I will nture to truſt you.

Man You oblige me, madam [*takes the other letter, and reads*

La. Grace. [*Aſide*] Now, I am in the oddeſt ſitua ion! me- inks our converſa ion grows terribly critical! This muſt pro- uce ſomething:———O lud, would it were over?

Man. Now, madam, I begin to have ſome light into the poor project that is at the bottom of all this.

La. Grace. I have no notion of what could be propoſed by it.

Man. A little patience, madam——Firſt, as to the inſinuation you mention——

La. Grace. O! what is he going to ſay now! [*Aſide.*

Man. Tho' my intimacy with my lord may have allow'd my viſits to have been very frequent here of late, yet, in ſuch a talking town as this, you muſt not wonder, if a great many of thoſe viſits are placed to your account; and this taken for granted, I ſuppoſe, has been told to my lady Wronghead, as a piece of news, ſince her arrival, not improbable without many more imaginary circumſtances.

La. Grace. My lady Wronghead——

Man. Ay, madam, for I am poſitive this is her hand.

La. Grace. What view could ſhe have in writing it?

Man. To interrupt any treaty of marriage ſhe may have heard I am engaged in? becauſe if I die without heirs, her family expects that ſome part of my eſtate may return to them again. But I hope, ſhe is ſo far miſtaken, that if this letter has given you the leaſt uneaſineſs—I ſhall think that the happieſt moment of my life.

La. Grace. That does not carry your uſual complaiſance, Mr. Manly.

Man. Yes, madam, becauſe I am ſure I can convince you of my innocence.

La. Grace. I am ſure I have no right to enquire into it.

Man. Suppoſe you may not, madam, yet you may very innocently have ſo much curioſity.

La. Grace. With what an artful gentleneſs he ſteals into my opinion! [*Aſide.*] Well, ſir, I won't pretend to have ſo little of the woman in me as to want curioſity——But pray do you ſuppoſe, then, this Myrtilla is real or a fictitious name?

Man. Now I recollect, madam, there is a young woman in the houſe where my lady Wronghead lodges, that I heard ſomebody called Myrtilla: this letter may be written by her—but how it came directed to me, I confeſs is a myſtery! that before I ever preſume to ſee your ladyſhip again, I think myſelf obliged in honour to find out. [*going.*

La. Grace. Mr. Manly——you are not going?

Man. 'Tis but to the next ſtreet, madam; I ſhall be back in ten minutes.

La. Grace. Nay! but dinner's juſt coming up.

Man. Madam, I can neither eat nor reſt till I ſee an end of this affair.

La. Grace. But this is ſo odd! why ſhould any ſilly curioſity of mine drive you away?

Man. Since you won't ſuffer it to be yours, madam, then it ſhall be only to ſatisfy my own curioſity——[*Exit Manly.*

La. Grace. Well—and now, what am I to think of all this? Or ſuppoſe an indifferent perſon had heard every word we have

ſaid to one another, what would they have thought on't Would it have been very abſurd to conclude, he is ſeriouſly inclined to paſs the reſt of his life with me?—I hope not—for I am ſure, the caſe is terribly clear on my ſide! *Enter* Mrs. Truſty.

Well, Mrs. Truſty, is my ſiſter dreſt yet?

Truſty. Yes, madam; but my lord has been courting her ſo I think, 'till they are both out of humour.

La. Grace. How ſo?

Truſty. Why, it begun, madam, with his lodſhip's deſiring her ladyſhip to dine at home to day—upon which my lady ſaid ſhe could not be ready; upon that, my lord order'd them to ſtay the dinner, and then my lady order'd the coach; then my lord took her ſhort, and ſaid, he had order'd the coachman to ſet up: then my lady made him a great curteſey, and ſaid, ſhe would wait 'till his lordſhip's horſes had dined, and was mighty pleaſant: but for fear of the worſt, madam, ſhe whiſper'd me—to get her chair ready. [*Exit* Truſty.

La. Grace. Oh! here they come; and, by their looks, ſeem little unfit for company. (*Exit Lady Grace.*

Enter Lady Townly, Lord Townly *following*

La. Town. Well! look you, my lord; I can bear it no longer! nothing all but about my faults, my faults! an agreeable ſubject truly!

L. Town. Why, madam, if you won't hear of them; how can I ever hope to ſee you mend them?

La. Town. Why, I don't intend to mend them—I can't mend them——you know I have tried to do it an hundred times, and—it hurts me ſo—I can't bear it!

L. Town. And I, madam, can't bear this daily licentious abuſe of your time and character.

La. Town. Abuſe! aſtoniſhing! when the univerſe knows I am never better company, than when I am doing what I have a mind to! But to ſee this world! that men can never get over that ſilly ſpirit of contradiction—why but laſt Thurſday now—there you wiſely amended one of my faults, as you call them—you inſiſted upon my not going to the maſquerade—and pray what was the conſequce! was not I as croſs as the Devil, all the night after? was not I forced to get company at home? and was it not almoſt three o'clock in the morning before I was able to come to myſelf again, and then the fault is not mended either—for next time, I ſhall only have twice the inclination to go: ſo that all this mending, and mending, you ſee, is but turning an old ruffle to make it worſe than it was before.

L. Town. Well, the manner of women's living, of late, is inſupportable; and, one way or other——

La. Town. It's to be mended, I ſuppoſe! why ſo it may! but then, my dear lord, you muſt give one time——and when things are at worſt, you know, they may mend themſelves! ha! ha!

L. Town. Madam, I am not in a humour, now, to trifle.

La. Town. Why then, my lord, one word of fair argument—to talk with you, your own way now—You complain of my late hours, and I of your early ones—ſo far are we even, you'll allow—but pray which gives us the beſt figure, in the eye of the polite world? my active, ſpirited three in the morning, or your dull, drowſy eleven at night? Now, I think, one has the air of a woman of quality, and t'other of a plodding mechanic, that goes to bed betimes, that he may riſe early to open his ſhop!—faugh!

L. Town. Fy, fy, madam! is this your way of reaſoning? 'tis time to wake you then—'Tis not your ill hours alone, that diſturb me, but as often the ill company, that occaſion thoſe ill hours.

La. Town. Sure I don't underſtand you now, my lord, what ill company do I keep?

L. Town. Why, at beſt, women that loſe their money, and men that win it! or, perhaps, men that are voluntary bubbles at one game, in hopes a lady will give them fair play at another. Then that unavoidable mixture with known rakes, conceal'd, thieves, and ſharpers in embroidery—or what, to me, is ſtill more ſhocking, that herd of familiar, chattering, crop ear'd coxcombs, who are ſo often like monkeys, there would be no knowing them aſunder, but that their tails hang from their heads, and the monkey's grows were it ſhould do.

La. Town. And a huſband muſt give eminent proof of his ſenſe, that thinks their powder-puffs dangerous!

L. Town. Their being fools, madam, is not always the huſband's ſecurity: or if it were, fortune, ſometimes, gives them advantages might make a thinking woman tremble.

La. Town. What do you mean?

L. Town. That women, ſometimes loſe more than they are able to pay; and if a creditor be a little preſſing, the lady may be reduced to try if, inſtead of gold, the gentleman will accept of a trinket.

La. Town. My lord, you grow ſcurrilous; you'll make me hate you. I'll have you to know, I keep good company with the politeſt people in town, and the aſſemblies I frequent are full of ſuch.

L. Town. So are the churches—now and then,

La. Town. My friends frequent them too, as well as aſſemblies.

L. Town. Yes, and would do it oftener, if a groom of the chambers there were allow'd to furniſh cards to the company.

La. Town. I ſee what you drive at all this while; you would lay an imputation on my fame, to cover your own avarice! I might take any pleaſures, I find, that were not expenſive.

L. Town. Have a care, madam,; don't let me think you only value your chaſtity, to make me reproachable for not indulging you in every thing elſe that's vicious—I, madam, have a reputation too, to guard, that's dear to me, as yours—The follies of an ungovern'd wife may make the wiſeſt man uneaſy; but 'tis his own fault, if ever they make him contemptible.

La. Town. My lord—you would make a woman mad!

L. Town. You'd make a man a fool.

La. Town. If heaven has made you otherwiſe, that won't be in my power.

L. Town. Whatever may be your inclination, madam, I'll prevent your making me a beggar, at leaſt.

La. Town. A beggar! Croeſus! I'm out of patience!—I won't come home 'till four to-morrow morning.

L. Town. That may be, madam; but I'll order the doors to be locked at twelve.

La. Town. Then I won't come 'till to-morrow night.

L. Town. Then madam; you ſhall never come home again.

[*Exit Lord Townly.*

La. Town. What does he mean! I never heard ſuch a word from him in my life before! the man always uſed to have manners, in his worſt humours! there's ſomething, that I don't ſee, at the bottom of all this—but his head's always upon ſome impracticable ſcheme or other, ſo I won't trouble mine any longer about him.—Mr. Manly, your ſervant. *Enter* Manly.

Man. I aſk pardon for my intruſion, madam; but I hope my buſineſs with my lord will excuſe it

La. Town. I believe you will find him in the next room, ſir.

Man. Will you give me leave madam?

La. Town. Sir—you have my leave tho' you were a lady.

Man. [*Aſide*] What a well bred age do we live in!

[*Exit Manly.*

Enter Lady Grace.

La. Town. O! my dear lady Grace! how could you leave me ſo unmercifully alone all this while!

La. Grace. I thought my lord had been with you.

La. Town. Why yes—and therefore I wanted your relief; for he has been in ſuch a flutter here—

La. Grace. Bleſs me! for what?

La. Town. Only our uſual breakfaſt; we have each of us had our diſh of matrimonial comfort this morning! we have been charming company!

La. Grace. I am mighty glad of it! ſure it muſt be a vaſt happineſs, when a man and a wife can give themſelves the ſame turn of converſation!

La. Town. O! the prettieſt thing in the world!

La. Grace. Now I ſhould be afraid, that where two people are every day together ſo, they muſt often be in want of ſomething to talk upon.

La. Town. O, my dear, you are the moſt miſtaken in the world! married people have things to talk of, child, that never enter into the immagination of others—why here's my lord and I, now, we have not been married above two ſhort years, you know, and we have already eight or ten things conſtantly in bank, that, whenever we want company, we can take up any one of them for two hours together, and the ſubject never the

ſatter: nay, if we have occaſion for it, it will be as freſh next day too, as it was the firſt hour it entertained us.

La. Grace. Certainly, that muſt be vaſtly pretty!

La. Town. O! there's no life like it! Why, t'other day, for example, when you dined abroad; my lord and I, after a pretty chearful *tete a-tete* meal ſat down by the fire-ſide, in an eaſy indolent, pick-tooth way, for about a quarter of an hour, as if we had not thought of one another's being in the room—at laſt, ſtretching himſelf, and yawning—My dear ſays he—aw—you came home very late laſt night—'Twas but juſt turn'd of two, ſays I—I was a bed—aw—by eleven ſays he—So you are every night, ſays I—Well, ſays he, I am amazed you can ſit up ſo late—How can you be amazed, ſays I, at a thing that happens ſo often?—upon which we entered into a converſation—and tho' this is a point has entertain'd us above fifty times already, we always find ſo many pretty new things to ſay upon it, that I believe, in my ſoul, it will laſt as long as we live!

La. Grace. But pray, in ſuch ſort of family dialogues (tho' extremely well for paſſing the time (don't there now and then, enter ſome little witty ſort of bitterneſs?

La. Town. O yes! which does not do amiſs at all! A ſmart repartee, with a zeſt of recrimination at the head of it, makes the pretrieſt ſherbet! Ay, ay! if we did not mix a little of the acid with it, a matrimonial ſociety would be ſo luſcious, that nothing but an old liquoriſh prude would be able to bear it.

La. Grace. Well—certainly you have the moſt elegant taſte—

La. Town. Tho' to tell you the truth, my dear, I rather think we ſqueezed a little too much lemon into this bout; for it grew ſo ſour at laſt, that—I almoſt told him he was a fool—and he again—talked ſomething oddly of—turning me out of doors!

La. Grace. O! have a care of that!

La. Town. Nay, if he ſhould, I may thank my own wife father for that—

La. Grace. How ſo?

La. Town. Why—when my good lord firſt open'd his honourable trenches before me, my unaccountable papa, in whoſe hands I then was, gave me up at diſcretion!

La. Grace. How do you mean?

La. Town. He ſaid, the wives of this age were come to that paſs, that he would not deſire even his own daughter ſhould be truſted with pin-money; ſo that my whole train of ſeperate inclinations are left entirely at the mercy of an huſband's odd humours.

La. Grace. Why, that, indeed, is enough to make a woman of ſpirit look about her!

La. Town. Nay, but to be ſerious, my dear; what would you really, have a woman do in my caſe?

La. Grace. Why—if I had as ſober a huſband as you have, I would make myſelf the happieſt wife in the world, by being as ſober as he.

La. Town. O! you wicked thing! how can you teaze one at

his rate? when you know he is ſo very ſober, that (except giving me money) there is not one thing in the world he can do to eaſe me! And I, at the ſame time, partly by nature, and partly, perhaps, by keeping the beſt company, do with my ſoul love almoſt every thing he hates! I doat upon aſſemblies! my heart bounds, at a ball, and at an opera—I expire, then I love play, to diſtraction, cards enchant me, and dice—put me out of my little wits, Dear, dear hazard! oh! what a flow of ſpirits it gives one! Do you never play at hazard, child?

La. Grace. Oh! never! I don't think it fits well upon women! there's ſomething ſo maſculine, ſo much the air of a rake, in it! to ſee how it makes the men ſwear and curſe! and when a woman is thrown into the ſame paſſion—why—

La. Town. That's very true! one is a little put to it, ſometimes, not to make uſe of the ſame words to expreſs it.

La. Grace. Well—and, upon ill luck, pray what words are you really forced to make uſe of?

La. Town. Why, upon a very hard caſe, indeed, when a ſad-ſtrong word is riſing juſt to one's tongue's end, I give a great gulph—and ſwallow it.

La. Grace. Well—and is not that enough to make you forſwear play as long as you live?

La. Town. O yes! I have forſworn it.

La. Grace. Seriouſly?

La. Town. Solemnly; a thouſand times; but then one is inſtantly forſworn.

La. Grace. And how can you anſwer that?

La. Town. My dear, what we ſay, when we are loſers, we look upon to be no more binding, than a lover's oath, or a great man's promiſe. But I beg pardon child; I ſhould not lead you ſo far into the world; you are a prude, and deſign to live ſoberly.

La. Grace. Why, I confeſs my nature and my education do, to a good degree, incline me that way.

La. Town. Well! how a woman of ſpirit, (for you don't want that, child) can dream of living ſoberly, is to me inconceiveable! for you will marry, I ſuppoſe.

La. Grace. I can't tell but I may.

La. Town. and won't you live in town?

La. Grace. Half the year, I ſhould like it very well.

La. Town. My ſtars! and you would really live in London half the year, to be ſober in it?

La. Grace. Why not?

La. Town. Why can't you as well go, and be ſober, in the country?

La. Grace. So I would—t'other half year.

La. Town. And pray, what comfortable ſcheme of life would you form now, for your ſummer and winter ſober entertainments?

La. Grace. A ſcheme that I think might very well content me.

La. Town. O! of all things let's hear it.

La. Grace. Why in ſummer, I could paſs my leiſure hours

in riding, in reading, walking by a canal, or ſitting at the end of it under a great tree; in dreſſing, dining, chatting with an agreeable friend, perhaps hearing a little muſic, taking a diſh of tea or a game at cards, ſoberly! Managing my family, looking into its accounts, playing with my children (if I had any) or in a thouſand innocent amuſements—ſoberly! and poſſibly, by theſe means, I might induce my huſband to be as ſober as myſelf.

L. Town. Well, my dear, thou art an aſtoniſhing creature! for ſure ſuch primitive antediluvian notions of life have not been in any head theſe thouſand years—Under a great tree! O my ſoul—But I beg we may have the ſober town-ſcheme too—for I am charmed with the country one!

La. Grace. You ſhall, and I'll try to ſtick to my ſobriety there too.

La. Town. Well, tho' I am ſure it will give me the vapours I muſt hear it however.

La. Grace. Why, then, for fear of your fainting, madam, I will firſt ſo far come into the faſhion, that I would never be dreſs'd out of it—but ſtill it ſhould be ſoberly. For I can't think it any diſgrace, to a woman of my private fortune, not to wear her lace as fine as the wedding ſuit of a firſt dutcheſs. Tho' there is one extravagance I would venture to come up to.

La. Town. Ay now for it—

La. Grace. I would be every day as clean as a bride.

La Town. Why the men ſay, that's a great ſtep to be made one—Well now you are dreſt—pray let's ſee to what purpoſe.

La. Grace. I would viſit—that is, my real friends; but a little for form as poſſible—I would go to court; ſometimes to an aſſembly, nay play at quadrille—ſoberly: I would ſee all the good plays; and, (becauſe 'tis the faſhion) now and then an opera—but I would not expire there, for fear I ſhould never go again, and laſtly, I can't ſay, but for curioſity, if I liked the company, I might be drawn in once to a maſquerade! And this I think, is as far any woman can go—ſoberly.

La. Town. Well! if it had not been for this laſt piece of ſobriety, I was juſt going to call for ſome ſurfeit water.

La. Grace. Why, don't you think, with the further aid of breakfaſting, dining, taking the air, ſupping, ſleeping, not to add a word of devotion, the four-and-twenty hours might roll on in a tolerable manner?

La. Town, Tolerable? Deplorable! Why, child, all you propoſe is but to endure life, now I want to enjoy it.

Enter Mrs. Truſty.

Truſty. Madam your ladyſhips chair is ready.

La. Town. Have the footmen their white flambeaux yet? laſt night I was poiſon'd.

Truſty. Yes, Madam, ; there were ſome come in this morning. *Exit Truſty.*

La Town. My dear, you will excuſe me; but you know time is ſo precious—

La. Grace. That I beg I may not hinder your leaſt enjoyment of it.

La. Town. You will call on me at Lady Revel's

La. Grace. Certainly.

La. Town. But I am ſo afraid it will break into your ſcheme, my dear.

La. Grace. When it does I will—ſoberly break from you.

La. Town. Why then, 'till we meet again, dear ſiſter, I wiſh you all tolerable happineſs. (*Exit* Lady Town.

La. Grace. There ſhe goes—Daſh into her ſtream of pleaſures! poor woman! ſhe is really a fine creature! and ſometimes infinitely agreeable! nay take her out of the madneſs of this town, rational in her notions, and eaſy to live with: but ſhe is ſo borne down by this torrent of vanity in vogue, ſhe thinks every hour of her life is loſt that ſhe does not lead at the head of it. What it will end in I tremble to imagine!—Ha! my brother, and Mr. Manly with him! I gueſs what they have been talking of—I ſhall hear it in my turn, I ſuppoſe, but it won't become me to be inquiſitive (*Exit* Lady Grace.

Enter Lord Townly, *and* Manly.

L. Town. I did not think my lady Wronghead had ſuch a notable brain: tho' I can't ſay ſhe was ſo very wiſe, in truſting this ſilly girl, you call Myrtilla, with the ſecret.

Man. No, my lord, you miſtake me; had the girl been in the ſecret, perhaps I had never come at it myſelf.

L. Town. Why I thought you ſaid the girl writ this letter to you, and that my lady Wronghead ſent it incloſed to my ſiſter?

Man. If you pleaſe to give me leave, my lord—the fact is thus—This incloſed letter to lady Grace was a real original letter, written by this girl, to the Count we have been talking of: the Count drops it, and my lady Wronghead finds it: then only changing the cover, ſhe ſeals it up as a letter of buſineſs, juſt written by herſelf to me: and pretending to be in a hurry gets this innocent girl to write the direction for her.

L. Town. Oh! then the girl did not know ſhe was ſuperſcribing a billet doux of her own, to you?

Man. No, my lord; for when I firſt queſtioned her about the direction, ſhe owned it immediately: but when I ſhew'd her that the letter to the Count was within it, and told her how it came into my hands, the poor creature was amazed, and thought herſelf betray'd both by the Count and my lady—In ſhort, upon this diſcovery, the girl and I grew ſo gracious that ſhe has let me into ſome tranſactions, in my lady Wronghead's family, which, with my having a careful eye over them, may prevent the ruin of it.

L. Town. You are very generous, to be ſo ſolicitous for a lady, that has given you ſo much uneaſineſs.

Man. But I will be moſt unmercifully revenged of her, for I will do her the greateſt friendſhip in the world——againſt her will.

L. Town. What an uncommon philoſophy art thou maſter of! to make even thy malice a virtue.

Man. Yet, my lord, I aſſure you, there is no one action of my life gives me more pleaſure than your approbation of it.

L. Town. Dear Charles! my heart's impatient, 'till thou art nearer to me: and as a proof that I have long wiſh'd thee ſo—while your daily conduct has choſen, rather to deſerve than aſk my ſiſter's favour; I have been as ſecretly induſtrious to make her ſenſible of your merit: and ſince on this occaſion you have opened your whole heart to me, 'tis now with equal pleaſure I aſſure you, we have both ſucceeded——ſhe is as firmly yours——

Man. Impoſſible! you flatter me!

L. Town. I am glad you think it flattery; but ſhe herſelf ſhall prove it none: ſhe dines with us alone: when the ſervants are withdrawn, I'll open a converſation, that ſhall excuſe my leaving you together—O! Charles! had I, like thee, been cautious in my choice, what melancholy hours had this heart avoided.

Man. No more of that, I beg, my lord—

L. Town. But 'twill, at leaſt, be ſome relief to my anxiety (however barren of content the ſtate has been to me) to ſee near a friend and ſiſter happy in it: your harmony of life will be an inſtance how much the choice of temper is preferable to beauty.

While your ſoft hours in mutual kindneſs move,
You'll reach, by virtue, what I loſt by love. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE Mrs. Motherlys *houſe.*

Enter Mrs. Motherly, *meeting* Myrtilla.

Moth. SO, niece! where is it poſſible you can have been theſe ſix hours?

Myr. O madam! I have ſuch a terrible ſtory to tell you.

Moth. A ſtory! Ods my life? What have you done with the Count's note of five hundred pounds I ſent you about? is it ſafe? is it good? is it ſecurity?

Myr. Yes, yes, it is ſafe: but, for it's goodneſs—mercy on us! I have been in a fair way to be hang'd about it.

Moth. The dickens! has this rogue of a Count play'd us another trick then?

Myr. You ſhall hear, madam; when I came to Mr. C——, the banker's, and ſhew'd him his note for five hundred pounds payable to the Count, or order, in two months,—he looked earneſtly upon it, and deſired me to ſtep into the inner room while he examined his books—after I had ſtaid about ten minutes, he came in to me—claps to the door, and charges a conſtable with me for forgery.

Moth. Ah! poor ſoul! and how didſt thou get off?

Myr. While I was ready to ſink in this condition, I begged him to have a little patience, 'till I could ſend for Mr. M——, whom he knew to be a gentleman of worth and honour, &

tho, I was ſure, would convince him, whatever fraud migh
e in the note, that I was myſelf an innocent, abuſed woman—t
d as good luck would have it, in leſs than half an hour Mr.
anly came—ſo, without mincing the matter, I fairly told
m upon what deſign the Count had lodged that note in your
nds, and in ſhort, laid open the whole ſcheme he had drawn
into to make our fortunes.

Moth. The devil you did!

Myr. Why how do you think it was poſſible I could other-
ſe make Mr. Manly my friend, to help me out of the ſcrape
was in?—To conclude, he ſoon made Mr. Caſh eaſy, and ſent
ay the conſtable; nay farther promiſed me, if I would truſt
e note in his hands, he would take care it ſhould be fully
d before it was due, and at the ſame time would give me
ample revenge upon the Count; ſo that all you have to con-
er now madam, is, whether you think yourſelf ſafer in the
unts hands, or Mr. Manly's?

Moth. Nay, nay, child; there is no choice in the matter,
r. Manly may be a friend indeed, if any thing in our power
make him ſo.

Myr. Well, madam, and now pray, how ſtands matters at
e here? What has the Court done with the ladies?

Moth. Why every thing he has a mind to do, by this time
ppoſe. He is in as high favour with miſs as he is with
lady.

Myr. Pray where are the ladies?

Moth. Ratteling abroad in their own coach, and the well
count along with them: they have been ſcouring all the
ſhops in town over, buying fine things and new cloaths,
morning to night: they have made one voyage already
have brought home ſuch a cargo of baubles and trumpery—
y on the poor man that's to pay for them.

Myr. Did not the young 'ſquire go with them?

Moth. No, no; miſs ſaid truly he would but diſgrace their
y: ſo they even left him aſleep by the kitching fire.

Myr. Has not the young 'ſquire aſked after me all this while?
I had a ſort of aſſignation with him.

Moth. O yes! he has been in a bitter taking about it. At
his diſappointment grew ſo uneaſy, that he fell a crying.
o quiet him, I ſent one of the maids and John Moody a-
d with him, to ſhew him—the lions, and the monument.
me! there he is, juſt come home again—you may have
eſh with him—ſo I'll even turn you together. (*Exit.*

Enter 'Squire Richard.

Sq. Rich. Soah! ſoah! Mrs. Myrtilla, wheere han yow
all this day, forſooth?

Myr. Nay, if you go to that, 'ſquire, where have you been

Sq. Rich. Why when I ſun' 'at you were no loikly to come
e, I were ready to hong myſel—ſo John Moody, and I,

and one o' you laſſes have been—Lord knows where—a ſeeing o' ſoights.

Myr. Well and pray what have you ſeen, ſir.

'Squ. Rich. Fleſh! I cawnt tell, not I—ſeen every thing I think. Firſt there we went o' the top o' the what d'ye-call-it? there, there, the great hugh ſtone poſt up the rawnd and rawnd ſtairs, that twine and twine about, juſt like an as thof it were a cork-ſcrew.

Myr. O, the monument! well and was it not a fine ſight from the top of it?

'Squ. Rich. Sight, miſs! I know no—I ſaw nought but ſmoak and brick houſen, and ſteeple tops—then there was ſuch a mortal ting tang of bells, and rumbling of carts and coaches, and than the folks under one look'd ſo ſmall, and made ſuch a hum, and a buz, it put me in mind of my mother's great glaſs bee hive, in our garden in the country.

Myr. I think, maſter, you give a very good account of it.

'Squ. Rich. Ay! but I did no' like it; for my head—my head—began to turn—ſo I trudled me down like a round trencher.

Myr. Well! but this was not all you ſaw, I ſuppoſe?

'Squ. Rich. Noa, noa! we went after that, and ſaw the lions; and liked them better by hawlf; they are pure grim devils; hoh, hoh! I touke a ſtick, and give one of them ſuch a poke o' the noaſe—I believe he would have ſnapt my head off, as he could ha' got me. Hoh, hoh, hoh!

Myr. Well maſter, when you and I go abroad, I'll ſhew you prettier ſights than theſe—there's a maſquerade to morrow.

'Squ. Rich. O laud! ay! they ſay that's a pure thing for merry andrews, and thoſe ſort of comical mummers—and the Count tells me, that there lads and laſſes may jig their tails, and eat, and drink, without grudging all night long.

Myr. What would you ſay now, if I ſhould get a you a ticket and go along with you

'Squ. Rich. Ah dear!

Myr. But have a care, 'ſquire, the fine ladies there are terribly tempting; look well to your heart, or ads me! they'll whip it up in the trip of a minute.

'Squ. Rich. Ay but they cawnt tho—ſoa let 'um look to themſelves, an' ony of 'um falls in love with me—mayhap they had as good be quiet.

Myr. Why ſure you would not refuſe a fine lady, would you?

'Squ. Rich. Ay, but I would tho' unleſs it were—one I know of.

Myr. Oh, oh! then you have left your heart in the country I find?

'Squ Rich. Noa, noa, my heart—eh—my heart a'ent out of this room.

Myr. I am glad you have it about you, however.

'Squ. Rich. Nay, mayhap not ſo nother; ſomebody elſe may ave it, 'at you little think of.

Myr. I can't imagine what you mean!

'Squ. Rich. Noa! why doant yow know how many folks here is in this room, naw?

Myr. Very fine, maſter, I ſee you have learn't the town gal-antry already.

'Squ. Rich. Why doan't you believe 'at I have a kindneſs or you then?

Myr. Fy, fy! maſter, how you talk! beſides you are too oung to think of a wife.

'Squ. Rich. Ay, but I caunt help thinking o' you, for all that.

Myr. How! why ſure, ſir, you don't pretend to think of me a diſhonourable way?

'Squ. Rich. Nay, that's as you ſee good—I did no think 'at ow would ha' thought of me for a huſband, mayhap; unleſs had means in my own hands; and feyther allows me but awlf a crown a week, as yet a while.

Myr. Oh! when I like any body, 'tis not want of money will make me refuſe them.

'Squ. Rich. Well that's juſt my mind now; for 'an I like a irl, miſs, I would take her in her ſmuck

Myr. Ay, maſter, now you ſpeak like a man of honour: this hews ſomething of a true heart in you.

'Squ. Rich. Ay, and a true heart you'll find me; try when ou will.

Myr. Huſh! huſh! here's your papa come home, and my unt with him.

'Squ. Rich. A devil rive 'em, what do they come naw for,

Myr. When you get to the maſquerade, you ſhall ſee what ll ſay to you.

'Squ Rich. Well, hands upon't then—

Myr. There—

'Squ. Rich. One buſs and a bargain. (*Kiſſes her.*) ds wauntlikins! as ſoft and plump as a marrow pudding.

(*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Sir Francis Wronghead, *and* Mrs. Motherly.

Sir Fran. What! my wife and daughter abroad, ſay you?

Moth. O dear ſir, they have been mighty buſy all the day ng: they juſt came home to ſnap up a ſhort dinner, and ſo ent out again.

Sir Fran. Well, well, I ſhan't ſtay ſupper for 'em. I can ll 'em that: for, od's heart! I have had nothing in me but roaſt and tankard ſince morning.

Moth. I am afraid ſir, theſe late parliament hours won't ree with you.

Sir Fran. Why truly Mrs. Motherly, they don't do right ith us country gentlemen; to looſe one meal out of three is a rd tax upon a good ſtomach.

Moth. It is ſo indeed, ſir.

Sir Fran. But howſomever, Mrs. Motherly, when we conſider, that what we ſuffer is for the good of our country—

Moth. Why truly, ſir, that is ſomething.

Sir Fran. O! there's a great deal to be ſaid for't—the good of on's country is above all things—a true-hearted Engliſhman thinks nothing too much for it, I have head of ſome honeſt gentlemen ſo very zealous, that for the good of their country—they would ſometimes go to dinner at midnight.

Moth. O! the goodneſs of 'em! ſure their country muſt have a vaſt eſteem for them?

Sir Fran. So they have, Mrs. Motherly! they are ſo reſpected when they come home to their boroughs after a ſeſſion, and ſo beloved—that their country will come and dine with them every day in the week.

Moth. Dear me! what a fine thing 'tis to be ſo populous!

Sir Fran. It is a great comfort, indeed! and I can aſſure you you are a good ſenſible woman, Mrs. Motherly.

Moth. O dear ſir, your honour's pleaſed to compliment.

Sir Fran. No, no; I ſee you know how to value people of conſequence.

Moth. Good lack! here's company, ſir; will you give me leave to get you a little ſomething 'till the ladies come home, ſir?

Sir Fran. Why troth, I don't think it would be amiſs.

Moth. It ſhall be done in a moment, ſir. [*Exit.*

Enter Manly.

Man. Sir Francis, your ſervant.

Sir Fran. Couſin Manly!

Man. I am come to ſee how the family goes on here.

Sir Fran. Troth! all as buſy as bees; I have been upon the wing ever ſince eight o'clock this morning.

Man. By your early hour, then, I ſuppoſe you have been making your court to ſome of the great men.

Sir Fran. Why, faith! you have hit it, ſir—I was adviſed to loſe no time; ſo I e'en went ſtraight forward, to one great man I had never ſeen in my life before.

Man. Right! that was doing buſineſs; but who had you got to introduce you?

Sir Fran. Why, nobody—I remember'd I had heard a wiſe man ſay—My ſon, be bold—ſo troth! I introduced myſelf.

Man. As how, pray?

Sir Fran. Why thus—Look ye—Pleaſe your lordſhip, ſays I, I am Sir Francis Wronghead, of Bumper Hall, and member of parliament for the borough of Guzzledown—Sir your humble ſervant, ſays my lord; thof I have not the honour to know your perſon, I have heard you are a very honeſt gentleman, and I am glad your borough has made choice of ſo worthy a repreſentative; and ſo, ſays he, Sir Francis, have you any ſervice to command me? Naw, couſin! thoſe laſt words, you may be ſure, gave me no ſmall encouragement. And though, you know, ſir, you have no extraordinary opinion of my parts,

believe, you won't say I miſt it naw!

Man. Well, I hope I ſhall have no cauſe.

Sir Fran. So when I found him ſo courteous—My lord, ſays I did not think to ha' troubled your lordſhip with buſineſs upon my firſt viſit; but ſince your lordſhip is pleaſed not to ſtand upon ceremony—why truly, ſays I, I think naw is as good as another time.

Man. Right! there you puſh'd him home.

Sir Fran. Ay, ay, I had a mind to let him ſee that I was none of your mealy-mouth'd ones.

Man. Very good!

Sir Fran. So, in ſhort, my lord, ſays I, I have a good eſtate but—a—it's a leetle awt at elbows; and as I deſire to ſerve my king, as well as my country, I ſhall be very willing to accept of a place at court.

Man. So, this was making ſhort work on't.

Sir Fran. I'cod! I ſhot him flying, couſin: ſome of your awlf-witted ones naw, would ha' humm'd and haw'd, and angled a month or two after him, before they durſt open their mouths about a place, and mayhap, not ha' got it at laſt neither—

Man. Oh! I'm glad you're ſo ſure on't.—

Sir Fran. You ſhall hear, couſin—Sir Francis, ſays my lord, any what ſort of a place may you ha' turn'd your thowghts upon? My lord, ſays I, beggars muſt not be chuſers; but only a place, ſays I, about a thouſand a year, will be well enough to be doing with 'till ſomething better falls in—for I thowght it would not look well to ſtond haggling with him at firſt.

Man. No, no, your buſineſs was to get footing any way.

Sir Fran. Right! there's it! ah couſin, I ſee you know the world.

Man. Yes, yes, one ſees more of it every day.—Well! but what ſaid my lord to all this?

Sir Fran Sir Francis, ſays he, I ſhall be g'ad to ſerve you any way that lies in my power; ſo he gave me a ſqueeze by the hond, as much as to ſay, Give yourſelf no trouble—I'll do your buſineſs; with that he turn'd him abawt to ſomebody with a coloured ribbon acroſs here, that look'd in my thowghts as if he came for a place too.

Man. Ha! ſo, upon theſe hopes you are to make your fortune?

Sir Fran. Why, do you think there's ony doubt of it, ſir?

Man. Oh no, I have not the leaſt doubt about it—for juſt as you have done, I made my fortune ten years ago.

Sir Fran. Why, I never knew you had a place, couſin.

Man. Nor I neither, upon my faith, couſin. But you, perhaps, may have better fortune: for I ſuppoſe, my lord has heard of what importance you were in the debate to-day—and you have been ſince down at the houſe, I preſume!

Sir Fran. O yes! I would not neglect the houſe for ever ſo much

Man. Well! and pray what have they done there?

Sir Fran. Why, troth! I can't well tell you what they have done, but I can tell you what I did: and I think pretty well in the main; only I happen'd to make a little miſtake at laſt indeed.

Man. How was that?

Sir Fran. Why, they were all got there into a ſort of a puzzling debate, about the good of the nation—and I were always for that, you know—but in ſhort, the arguments were ſo long winded o' both ſides, that waunds! I did no' well underſtand 'um: hawſomever I was convinced, and ſo reſolved to vote right, according to my conſcience—ſo, when they came to put the queſtion, as they call it—I don't know haw'twas—but, doubt I cried Ay! when I ſhould ha' cried No!

Man. How came that about?

Sir Fran. Why, by miſtake, as I tell you—for there was a good humour'd ſort of a gentleman, one Mr. Totherſide, I think they call him, that ſat next me, as ſoon as I had cried Ay; gives me a hearty ſhake by the hand! Sir, ſays he, you are a man of honour, and a true Engliſhman! and I ſhould be proud to be better acquainted with you—and ſo with that he takes me by the ſleeve along with the crowd, into the lobby—ſo, I knew no-wght—but od's-fleſh! I was got o' th' wrong ſide the poſt—for I were told afterwards, I ſhould have ſtaid where I was.

Man. And ſo, if you had not quite made your fortune before, you have clenched it now! —Ah! thou head of all Wrong-heads! [*Aſide.*

Sir Fran. Odſo! here's my lady come home at laſt—I hope, couſin, you will be ſo kind as to take a family ſupper with us?

Man. Another time, Sir Francis; but to-night I am engaged.

Enter Lady Wronghead, Miſs Jenny, *and* Count Baſſet.

La. Wrong. Couſin! your ſervant; I hope you will pardon my rudeneſs: but we have really been in ſuch a continual hurry here, that we have not had a leiſure moment to return your laſt viſit.

Man. O madam! I am a man of no ceremony; you ſee that has not hindered my coming again.

La. Wrong. You are infinitely obliging: but I'll redeem my credit with you.

Man. At your own time, madam.

C. Baſ. I muſt ſay that for Mr. Manly, madam; if making people eaſy is the rule of good-breeding, he is certainly the beſt-bred man in the world.

Man. Seh! I am not to drop my acquaintance, I find—I am afraid, ſir, I ſhall grow vain upon your good opinion.

C. Baſ. I don't know that, ſir; but I am ſure, what you are pleaſed to ſay, makes me ſo.

Man. The moſt impudent modeſty that ever I met with [*Aſide.*

La. Wrong. Lard! how ready his wit is! [*Aside*

Sir Fran. Don't you think, ſir, the Count's a ry fine gentleman?

Man. O! among the ladies, certainly;

Sir Fran. And yet he's as ſtout as a lion aund, he'll ſtorm any thing.

Man. Will he ſo? Why then, ſir, take care your citadel.

Sir Fran. Ah! you're a wag, couſin.

Man. I hope, ladies, the town air continues to agree with you!

Jenny. O! perfectly well, ſir! We have been abroad in our w coach all day long—and we have bought an ocean of fine ings. And to-morrow we go to the maſquerade! and on riday to the play! and on Saturday to the opera! and on unday we are to be at the what d'ye-call-it—aſſembly, and ſee e ladies play at quadrille, and picquet, and ombre, and haz-d, and baſſet! And on Monday we are to ſee the king! and on Tueſday—

La. Wrong. Hold, hold, miſs! you muſt not let your tongue n ſo faſt, child—you forget! you know I brought you hi-er to learn modeſty.

Man. Yes, yes! and ſhe is improved with a vengeance— [*Aſide.*

Jenny. Lawrd! mama, I am ſure I did not ſay any harm! d if one muſt not ſpeak in one's turn, one may be kept un-as long one lives, for ought I ſee.

La. Wrong. O' my conſcience, this girl grows ſo headſtrong—

Sir Fran. Ay, ay, there's your fine growing ſpirit for you! w tack it dawn an' you can.

Jenny. All I ſaid papa, was only to entertain my couſin nly.

Man. My pretty dear, I am mightily ob'ged to you.

Jenn. Look you there now, madam.

La. Wrong. Ho'd your tongue, I ſay.

Jenny. [*turning away and pouting.*] I declare it, I won't bear ſhe is always ſnubbing me before you ſir!—I know why coes it, well enough— [*Aſide to the Count.*

C. Baſ. Huſh! huſh, my dear; don't be uneaſy at that; ſhe'll pect us. (*Aſide.*

Jenny. Let her ſuſpect, what do I care—I don't know but I ve as much reaſon to ſuſpect as ſhe—tho' perhaps I'm not ſo id of her.

C. Baſ. (*Aſide.*) I'gad if I don't keep a tight han I on my tit, e, ſhe'll run away with my project beford I can bring it to

La. Wrong. (*Aſide.*) Perpetually hanging upon him? The ng harlot is certainly in love with him: but I muſt not let m ſee I think ſo—and yet I can't bear it.—Upon my life, unt, you'll ſpoil that forward girl—you ſhould not encour-her ſo.

C. Baſ. Pardon me madam, I was only adviſing her to obſerve what your ladyſhip ſaid to her.

Man. Yes, truly her obſervations have been ſomething particular. [*Aſide.*

C. Baſ. In one word, madam, ſhe has a jealouſy of your ladyſhip and I am forced to encourage her, to blind it: 'twill be better to take no notice of her behaviour to me.

La. Wrong. You are right, I will be more cautious.

C. B. To morrow at the maſquerade, we may loſe her.

La. Wrong. We ſhall be obſerved. I'll ſend you a note, and ſettle that affair—go on with the girl, don't mind me.

C. B. ſ. I have been taking your part, my little angel.

La. Wrong. Jenny! come hither child—you muſt not be haſty, my dear—I only adviſe you for your good.

Jenny. Yes, mama; but when I am told of a thing before company, it always makes me worſe, you know.

Man. If I have any ſkill in the fair ſex, miſs, and her mamma have only quarrell'd, becauſe they are both of a mind. The facetious Count ſeems to have made a very genteel ſtep into the family.

Enter Myrtilla. Manly *talks apart with her.*

La. Wrong. Well, Sir Francis, and what news have you brought us from Weſtminſter, to day?

Sir Fran. Reo! I have ſome—and ſuch as does not come every day, I can tell you—I have got a promiſe of a place at court of a thouſand pawnds a year, already.

La. Wrong. Have you ſo indeed? And pray who may you thank for it? Now! who's in the right? is not this better than, throwing ſo much away, after a ſtinking pack of fox-hounds, in the country? Now your family may be the better for it!

Sir Fra. Nay! that's what perſuaded me to come up, my dear.

La. Wrong. Mighty well—come—let me have another hundred pounds then.

Sir Fran. Another! child? Waunds! you have had one hundred this morning, pray what's become of that, my dear?

La. Wrong. What's become of it; why I'll ſhew you, my love—Jenny! have you the bills about you?

Jenny. Yes, mama.

La. Wrong. What's become of it? why laid out, my dear, with fifty more to it, that I was forced to borrow of the Count here.

Jenny. Yes, indeed, papa, and that would hardly do neither. Ther's the account.

Sir Fran. (*turning over the bills.*) Let's ſee! let's ſee! what the devil have we got here?

Man. Then you have ſounded your aunt, you ſay, and ſhe readily comes into all I propoſed to you?

Myr. Sir, I'll anſwer, with my life, ſhe is moſt thankfully yours in every article: ſhe mightily deſires to ſee you, ſir.

Man. I am going home, directly: bring her to my houſe in half an hour: and if ſhe makes good what you tell me, you ſhall both find your account in it.

Myr. Sir, ſhe ſhall not fail you.

Sir Fran. Od's life! madam, here's nothing but toys and trinkets, and fans, and clock-ſtockings, by wholeſale.

La. Wrong. There's nothing but what's proper, and for your credit, Sir Francis—Nay, you ſee, I am ſo good a houſewife, that in neceſſaries for myſelf. I have ſcarce laid out a ſhilling.

Sir Fran. No, by my troth, ſo it ſeems; for the devil o' one things here, that I can ſee you have any occaſion for.

La. Wrong. My dear! do you think I came hither to live out of the faſhion? why the greateſt diſtinction of a fine lady in this town is in the variety of pretty things that ſhe has no occaſion for.

Jenny. Sure, papa, could you imagine, that women of quality wanted nothing but ſtays and petticoats?

La. Wrong. Now, that is ſo like him.

Man. So! the family comes on finely. *Aſide.*

La. Wrong. Lard! if men were always to govern, what dowdies would they reduce their wifes to?

Sir Fran. An hundred pounds in the morning, and want another afore night! Waunds and fire! the lord Mayor of London could not hold it at this rate!

Man. O! do you feel it ſir? [*Aſide.*

La. Wrong. My dear, you ſeem uneaſy: let me have the hundred pounds, and compoſe yourſelf.

Sir Fran. Compoſe the devil, madam! why do you conſider what a hudred pounds a day comes to in a year?

La. Wrong. My life, if I account with you from one day to another, that's really all my head is able to bear at a time—But I'll tell you what I conſider—I conſider, that my advice has got you a thouſand pounds a year this morning—That, now, methinks you might conſider, ſir.

Sir Fran. A thouſand a year! Waunds, madam, but I have not touch'd a penny of it yet!

Man. Nor never will, I'll anſwer for him. [*Aſide*

Enter Squire Richard.

Squ. Rich. Feyther, an you doan't come quickly, the meat will be coal'd; an I'd fain pick a bit with you.

La. Wrong. Bleſs me, Sir Francis, you are not going to ſup by yourſelf.

Sir Fran. No, but I'm going to dine by myſelf, and that's pretty near the matter, madam.

La. Wrong. Had not you as good ſtay a little my dear we ſhall all eat in half an hour; and I was thinking to aſk my couſin Manly to take a family morſel with us.

Sir Fran. Nay, for my couſin's good company, I don't care if I ride a day's journey without baiting.

Man. By no means, Sir Francis: I am going upon a little buſineſs,

Sir Fran. Well, ſir, I know you don't love compliments.

Man. You'll excuſe me, madam—

La. Wrong. Since you have buſineſs, ſir. (*Exit.* Manly.

Enter Mrs. Motherly.

O, Mrs. Motherly! you were ſaying this morning, you had ſome very fine lace to ſhew me—can't I ſee it now?

(Sir Francis *ſtares*

Moth. Why, really, madam, I had made a ſort of a promiſe, to let the counteſs of Nicely have the firſt ſight of it, for the birth-day: but your ladyſhip—

La. Wrong. O! I die if I don't ſee it before.

Squ. Rich. Won't you go feyther;

Sir Fran. Waunds! lad, I ſhall ha' noa ſtomach at this rate. } *Apart.*

Moth. Well, madam, though I ſay it, 'tis the ſweeteſt pattern that ever came over—and for fineneſs!—no cobweb comes up to it

Sir Fran. Ods guts and gizzard, madam. Lace as fine as a cobweb! why, what the devil's that to coſt now?

Moth. Nay. if Sir Francis does not like of it, madam—

La. Wrong. He like it! Dear Mrs. Motherly, he is not to wear it.

Sir Fran. Fleſh, madam, but I ſuppoſe I am to pay for it!

La. Wrong. No doubt on't! Think of your thouſand a year, and who got it you, go; eat your dinner, and be thankful, go. (*Driving him to the door.*) Come, Mrs. Motherly.

(*Exit* Lady Wronghead *with* Mrs. Motherly.

Sir Fran. Very fine, ſo here I mun faſt, 'till I am almoſt famiſh'd for the good of my country; while madam is laying me out an hundred pounds a-day in lace, as fine as a cobweb, for the honour of my family. Ods-fleſh things need go well, at this rate.

Squ. Rich. Nay, nay—come feyther.

(*Exit* Sir Francis *and* Squire Richard.

Enter Mrs. Motherly.

Moth. Madam, my lady deſires you and the Count will pleaſe to come and aſſiſt her fancy, in ſome of the new laces.

C. Baſ. We'll wait upon her— (*Exit* Mrs. Moth.

Jenny. So, I told you how it was! you ſee ſhe can't bear to leave us together.

C. Baſ. No matter my dear: you know ſhe has aſk'd me to ſtay ſupper; ſo, when your papa and ſhe are a-bed, Mrs. Myrtilla will let me into the houſe again: then you and I may ſteal into her chamber, and we'll have a pretty ſneaken of punch together.

Myr. Ay, ay, madam, you may command me any thing.

Jenny. Well, that will be pure.

C. Baſ. But you had beſt go to her alone, my life! it will look better if I come after you.

Jenny. Ay, ſo it will: and to-morrow you know at the maſquerade! (*Exit ſinging.*

Myr. So ſir, am I not very commode to you?

C. Baſ. Well child, and don't you find your account in it? Did not I tell you we might ſtill be of uſe to one another?

Myr. Well, but how ſtands your affair with Miſs in the main?

C. Baſ. O ſhe's mad for the maſquerade; it drives like a nail we want nothing now but the parſon to clinch it. Did not your aunt ſay ſhe could get one at a ſhort warning?

Myr. Yes, yes, my Lord Townly's chaplain is her couſin you know; he'll do your buſineſs and mine, at the ſame time.

C. Baſ. O, 'tis true, but where ſhall we appoint him?

Myr. Why you know my lady Townly's houſe is always open to the maſques upon a ball-night, before they go to the Hay-Market.

C. Baſ. Good.

Myr. Now the doctor propoſes, we ſhould all come thither in our habits, and when the rooms are full, we may ſteal up into his chamber, he ſays, and there—crack—he'll give us all a canonical commiſſion to go to bed together.

C. Baſ. Admirable. Well, the devil fetch me, if I ſhall not be heartily glad to ſee thee well ſettled, child.

Myr. And may the black gentleman tuck me under his arm at the ſame, if I ſhould not think myſelf obliged to you, as long as I live.

C. Baſ. One kiſs, for old acquaintance ſake—I' gad I ſhall want to be buſy again.

Myr. O you'll have one ſhortly that will find you employment. But I muſt run to my 'ſquire

C. Baſ. And I to the ladies—ſo your humble ſervant, ſweet Mrs Wronghead.

Myr. Yours, as in duty bound, moſt noble Count Baſſet.

[*Exit Myrtilla.*

C Baſ Why ay, Count. That title has been of ſome uſe to me indeed; not that I have no more pretence to it, than I have to a blue ribband. Yet, I have made a pretty conſiderable figure in my life with it; I have loll'd in my own chariot, dealt at aſſemblies, dined with ambaſſadors, and made one at quadrille with the firſt women of quality—But—*Tempora mutantur*—ſince that damn'd ſquadron at White's have me left out of their laſt ſecret, I am reduced to trade upon my own ſtock of induſtry, and make my laſt puſh upon a wife: if my card comes upright (which I think can't fail) I ſhall once more cut a figure, and cock my hat in the face of the beſt of them; for ſince our modern men of fortune are grown wiſe enough to be ſharpers; think ſharpers are fools, that dont take up the airs of men of quality.

[*Exit.*

ACT V. *The* SCENE *opens to a dreſſing room.* Lady Townly *aſ juſt up, walks to her toilet; leaning on* Mrs. Truſty.

Truſty. DEAR madam, what ſhould make your ladyſhip, ſo out of order?

La. Town. How is it poſſible to be well, where one is kill'd for want of ſleep?

Truſty. Dear me, it was ſo long before you rung madam, I was in hopes your ladyſhip had been finely compoſed.

La. Town. Compoſed—why I have lain in an inn here this

house is worse than an inn with ten stage-coaches. What between my lord's impertinent people of business in a morning, and the intolerable thick shoes of footmen at noon, one has not a wink all night.

Trusty. Indeed, madam, it's a great pity my lord can't be persuaded into the hours of people of quality—Though I must say that, madam, your ladyship is certainly the best matrimonial manager in town.

La. Town. Oh, your are quite mistaken, Trusty, I manage very ill, for notwithstanding all the power I have, by never being over-fond of my lord—yet I want money infinitely oftener than he is willing to give it me.

Trusty. Ah, if his lordship could but be brought to play himself, madam, then he might feel what it is to want money.

La. Town. Oh, don't talk of it—do you know that I am undone Trusty?

Trusty. Mercy forbid, madam—

La. Town. Broke—ruin'd—plunder'd!—stripp'd. even to confiscation of my last guinea.

Trusty. You don't tell me so, madam.

La. Town. And where to raise ten pounds in the world—what is to be done, Trusty?

Trusty. Truly, I wish I were wise enough to tell you, madam: but may be your ladyship may have a run of better fortune upon some of the good company that comes here to night.

La. Town. But I have not a single guinea to try my fortune.

Trusty. Hah! that's bad business indeed, madam—Adad! I have a thought in my head, madam, if it is not too late—

La. Town. Out with it quickly then, I beseech the.

Trusty. Has not the steward something of fifty pounds madam, that you left in his hands, to pay somebody about this time?

La. Town. O! ay, I had forgot—'twas to—a—what's his filthy name?

Trusty. Now I remember, madam, 'twas to Mr. Lutestring, your old mercer, that your lady-ship turn'd off, about a year ago, because he would trust you no longer.

La. Town. The very wretch—if he has not paid it, run quickly, dear Trusty, and bid him bring it hither immediately.—[*Exit Trusty.*] Well, sure mortal woman never had such fortune; five five, and nine, against poor seven for ever.—No, after that horrid bar of my chance, that Lady Wronghead's fatal red fist upon the table, I saw it was impossible, ever to win another stake—Sit up all night, lose all one's money dream of winning thousands wake without a shilling, and then—how like a hag I look. In short—the pleasures of life are not worth this disorder. If it were not for shame now, I could almost think Lady Grace's sober scheme not quite so ridiculous—If my wife lord could but hold his tongue for a week, 'tis odds but I should hate the town in a fortnight But. I will not be driven out of it, that's positive.

[*Trusty returns.*

Trusty. O madam, ther's no bearing it—Mr. Lutestring was

ſt let in at the door, as I came to the ſtair-foot; and the ſteward now actually paying him the money in the hall.

La. Town. Run to the ſtair-caſe head again—and ſcream to him, that I muſt ſpeak with him this inſtant.

[*Truſty runs out, and ſpeaks.*

Truſty. Mr. Poudage—a hem! Mr. Poundage, } *without.*
word with you quickly. }

Pound. [*within*] I'll come to you preſently. }

Truſty. Preſently won't do, man, you muſt come } *without.*
his minute.

Pound. I am but juſt paying a little money, here. }

Truſty. Cods my life! paying money? is the man } *within.*
ſtracted? Come here, I tell you, to my lady, this }
oment, quick!

[*Truſty returns.*

La. Town. Will the monſter come or no?

Truſty. Yes, I hear him now, madam, he is hobbling up as ſt as he can.

La. Town. Don't let him come in—for he will keep ſuch a abbling about his accompts—my brain is not able to bear him.

[*Poundage comes to the door with a money bag in his hand.*]

Truſty. O! it's well you are come ſir! where's the fifty pounds?

Pound. Why here it is; if you had not been in ſuch haſte, I ould have paid it by this time—the man's now writing a reipt below for it.

Truſty. No matter; my lady ſays, you muſt not pay him with at money. there is not enough. it ſeems; there's a piſtole, and guinea, that is not good, in it—beſides, there is a miſtake in e accompt too—(*twitching the bag from him.*) But ſhe is not at iſure to examine it now; ſo you muſt bid Mr. What-d'ye call-m, call another time.

La. Town. What is all that noiſe there?

Pound. Why and it pleaſe your ladyſhip—

La. Town. Pr'ythee, don't plague me now, but do as you ere order'd.

Pound. Nay, what your ladyſhip pleaſes, madam—

(*Exit Poundage.*

Truſty. There they are, madam.—(*Pours the money out of the ag.*) The pretty things were ſo near falling into a naſty tradeſman's hands, I proteſt it-me made t emble for them, I fancy your adyſhip had as good give me that bad guinea, for luck's ſake—Thank you, madam. (*Takes a guinea.*

La. Town. Why, I did not bid you take it.

Truſty. No, but your ladyſhip look'd as if you were juſt oing to bid me, and ſo I was willng to ſave you the trouble of peaking, madam.

La. Town. Well! thou haſt deſerved it, and ſo, for once—ut hark, don't I hear the man making a noiſe yonder? tho' I hink now we may compound for a little of his ill humour.—

Truſty. I'll liſten.

La. Town. Pr'ythee do. (*Truſty goes to the door.*

Trusty. Ay they are at it, madam—he's in a bitter passion with poor Poundage—bless me! I believe he'll beat him—mercy on us, how the wretch swears!

La. Town. And a sober citizen too! that's a shame!

Trusty. Hah! I think all's silent of a sudden—may be the porter has knock'd him down—I'll step and see—(*Exit Trusty.*

La. Town. Those trades people are the troublesomest creatures; no words will satisfy them (*Trusty returns.*

Trusty. O madam! undone! undone! My lord has just bolted out upon the man, and is hearing all his pitiful story over—if your ladyship pleases to come hither, you may hear him yourself.

La. Town. No matter; it will come round presently; I shall have it all from my lord, without losing a word by the way, I warrant you.

Trusty. O lud! madam! here's my lord just coming in.

La. Town. Do you get out of the way then. (*Exit Trusty.*) am afraid I want spirits! but he will soon give 'em me.

Enter Lord Townly.

L. Town. How comes it, madam, that a tradesman dares be clamorous in my house, for money due to him from you?

La. Town. You don't expect, my lord that I should answer for other people's impertinence!

L. Town. I expect, madam, you should answer for your own extravagances, that are the occasion of it—I thought I had given you money three months ago, to satisfy all these sort of people.

La. Town. Yes, but you see they never are to be satisfied.

L. Town. Nor am I, madam, longer to be abused thus! what become of the last five hundred I gave you?

La. Town. Gone.

L. Town. Gone; what way, madam?

La Town. Half the town over, I believe, by this time.

L. Town. 'Tis well! I see ruin will make no impression, 'till it falls upon you.

La. Town. In short, my lord, if money is always the subject of our conversation, I shall make you no answer.

L. Town Madam, madam! I will be heard, and make you answer.

La Town. Make me! then I must tell you, my lord this is language I have not been used to, and I won't bear it.

L. Town Come, come, madam you shall bear a great deal more, before I part with you.

La Town. My lord, if you insult me, you will as much bear on your side, I can assure you.

L. Town. Pooh! your spirit grows ridiculous—you have neither honour, worth, or innocence to support it.

La. Town. Yon'll find at least, I have resentment! and do you look well to the provocation!

L. Town. After those you have given me, madam, 'tis almost infamous to talk with you.

La. Town. I scorn your imputation and your menaces! narrowness of your heart's your monitor! 'tis there! there,

ord, you are wounded; you have leſs to compla n of than ma-ny huſbands of an equal rank to you.

L. Town. Death, madam! do you preſume upon your cor-poral merit! that your perſon's leſs tainted than your mind! is it there! there alone an honeſt huſband can be injured? Have you not every other vice that can debaſe your birth, or ſtain the heart of woman? Is not your health, your beauty, huſband, fortune, family diſclaim'd, for nights conſumed in riot and ex-travagance? The wanton does no more; if ſhe conceals her ſhame, does leſs, and ſure the deſolate avowed, as ſorely wrongs my honour and my quiet.

La. Town. I ſee, my lord, what ſort of wife might pleaſe you.

L. T. Ungrateful woman; could you have ſeen you ſelf you in your ſelf had ſeen her—I am amazed our legiſlature has left no precedent of a divorce for this more viſible injury, this adul-tery of the mind, as well as that of the perſon! when a woman's whole heart is alienated to pleaſures I have no ſhare in, what is't to me, whether a black ace or a powder'd coxcomb has poſſeſ-ſion of it?

La. Town. If you have not found it yet, my lord, this is not the way to get poſſeſſion of mine, depend upon it.

L. Town. That, madam, I have long deſpair'd of; and ſince our happineſs cannot be mutal, 'tis fit that with our hearts our perſons too ſhould ſeparate—This houſe you ſleep no more in. Though your content might groſly feed upon the diſhonour of a huſband, yet my deſires would ſtarve upon the features of a wife.

La Town. Your ſtyle, my lord, is much of the ſame delicacy with your ſentiments of honour.

L. Town. Madam, madam! this is no time for compliments —I have done with you.

La. Town. If we had never met, my lord, I had not broke my heart for it! but have a care! I may not, perhaps, be ſo eaſily recall'd as you imagine.

L. Town. Recall'd!—Who's there! (*Enter a ſervant.*) Deſire my ſiſter and Mr. Manly to walk up. (*Exit Servant.*

La. Town. My lord, you may proceed as you pleaſe; but pray what indiſcretions have I committed, that are not daily practiſed by a hundred other women of quality?

L. Town. 'Tis not the number of ill wives, madam, that makes the patience of a huſband leſs contemptible: and tho' a bad one may be the beſt man's lot, yet he'll make a better figure in the world, that keeps his misfortunes out of doors, than he that tamely keeps her within.

La. Town. I don't know what figure you may make, my lord, but I ſhall have no reaſon to be aſhamed of mine in whatever I may meet you.

L. Town. Be ſparing of your ſpirit, madam, you'll need it to ſupport you. [*Enter* Lady Grace *and* Manly.] Mr. Manly, I have an act of friendſhip to beg of you, which wants more apo-logies than words can make for it.

Man. Then pray make none, my lord, that I may have the greateſt merit in obliging you.

L. Town. Siſter, I have the ſame excuſe to intreat of you too.

La. Grace. To your requeſt, I beg, my lord.

L. Town. Thus then—as you both were preſent at my ill-conſider'd marriage, I now deſire you each will be a witneſs of my determined ſeparation—I know ſir, your good nature, and my ſiſter's muſt be ſhock'd at the office I impoſe on you. But, as I don't aſk your juſtification of my cauſe, ſo I hope you are conſcious—that an ill woman can't reproach you, if you are ſilent upon her ſide.

Man. My lord, I never thought till now it couldbe difficult to oblige you.

L. Town For you, my lady Townly, I need not here repeat the provocations of my parting with you—the world, I fear, is too well inform'd of them—for the good lord, your dead father's ſake I will ſtill ſupport you as his daughter—As the lord Townly's wife, you have had every thing a fond huſband could beſtow, and (to our mutal ſhame I ſpeak it) more than happy wives deſire—But thoſe indulgences muſt end! ſtate, equipage, and ſplendor but ill become the vices that miſuſe 'em. The decent neceſſaries of life ſhall be ſupplied—but not one article to luxury! Not even the coach that waits to carry you from hence, ſhall you ever uſe again! Your tender aunt, my lady Lovemore, with tears, this morning has conſented to receive you; where if time and your condition bring you to a due reflection, your allowance ſhall be increaſed—But, if you ſtill are laviſh of your little, or pine for paſt licentious pleaſures, that little ſhall be leſs nor will I call that ſoul my friend, that names you in my hearing.

La. Grace. My heart bleeds for her. (*Aſide.*

L. Town. O Manly, look there, turn back thy thoughts with me, and witneſs to my growing love! There was a time when I believed that form incapable of vice, or of decay! there I propoſed the partner of an eaſy home, there, I for ever hoped to find a chearful companion, an agreeable intimate, a faithful friend, a uſeful help-mate, and a tender mother—But oh! how bitter now the diſappointment.

Man. The world is different in its ſenſe of happineſs; offended as you are, I know you will ſtill be juſt.

L. Town. Fear me not.

Man. This laſt reproach, I ſee, has ſtruck her. (*Aſide*

L. Town. No, let me not [though I this moment caſt her from my heart for ever] let me not urge her puniſhment beyond her crimes—I know the world is fond of any tale that feeds its appetite of ſcandal: and as I am conſcious ſeverities of this kind ſeldom fail of imputations too groſs to mention, I here, before you both, acquit her of the leaſt ſuſpicion raiſed againſt the honour of my bed. Therefore, when abroad her conduct may be queſtioned, do her fame that juſtice.

La. Town. O ſiſter! [*Turns to La. Grace, weeping.*

L. Town. When I am ſpoken of, where without favour this

action may be canvaſs'd, relate but half my provocations, and give me up to cenſure. [*Going.*

La. Town. Support me! ſave me! hide me from the world! [*Falls on La Grace's neck.*

La. Town. (*Returning.*)—I had forgot me—You have no ſhare in my reſentment, therefore, as you have lived in friendſhip with her, your parting may admit of gentler terms, than ſuit the honour of an injured huſband. (*Offers to go out.*

Man. (*Interpriſing.*) My lord, you muſt not, ſhall not leave her thus. One moment's ſtay can do your cauſe no wrong. If looks can ſpeak the anguiſh of the heart, I'll anſwer with my life there's ſomething labouring in her mind, that would you bear the hearing, might deſerve it.

L. Town. Conſider! ſince we no more can meet, preſs not my ſtaying to inſult her.

La. Town. Yet ſtay, my lord—the little I would ſay, will not deſerve an inſult; and undeſerved, I know your nature gives it not. But as you've call'd in friends to witneſs your reſentment, let them be equal hearers of my laſt reply.

L. Town. I ſhan't refuſe you that, madam—be it ſo.

La. Town. My lord, you ever have complain'd I wanted love; but as you kindly have allow'd I never gave it to another; ſo when you hear the ſtory of my heart, though you may ſtill complain, you will not wonder at my coldneſs.

Man. This, my lord, you are concern'd to hear.

L. Town. Proceed, I am attentive.

La. Town. Before I was your bride, my lord, the flattering world had talk'd me into beauty, which, at my glaſs, my youthful vanity confirm'd: wild with that fame, I thought mankind my ſlaves, I triumph'd over hearts, while all my pleaſure was their pain: yet was my own ſo equally inſenſible to all, that when a father's firm commands enjoyn'd me to make choice of one, I even there declined the liberty he gave, and to his own election yielded up my youth—His tender care, my lord, directed him to you—Our hands were join'd! but ſtill my heart was wedded to its folly. My only joy was power, command, ſociety, profuſeneſs, and to lead in pleaſures. The huſband's right to rule I thought a vulgar law. I knew no directors but my paſſions; no maſter, but my will! Even you, my lord, ſometimes o'ercome by love, were pleaſed with my delights, nor then foreſaw this mad miſuſe of your indulgence—and, though I call myſelf ungrateful while I own it, yet, as truth, it cannot be denied—that kind indulgence has undone me! it added ſtrength to my habitual failings! and in a heart thus warm in wild unthinking life, no wonder if the gentler ſenſe of love was loſt.

L. Town O Manly, where has this creature's heart been buried? } *Apart.*

Man. If yet recoverable—how vaſt a treaſure. }

La. Town. What I have ſaid, my lord, is not my excuſe,

but my confeſſion. My errors (give 'em, if you pleaſe, a harder name) cannot be offended. No. What's in its nature wrong no words can palliate, no plea can alter. What then remains in my condition, but reſignation to your pleaſure! Time only can convince you of my future conduct: therefore, 'till I have lived an object of forgiveneſs, I dare not hope for pardon—The penance of a lonely contrite life were little to the innocent; but to have deſerved this ſeparation, will ſtrew perpetual thorns upon my pillow.

La. Town. Siſter, farewel! (*Kiſſing her.*) Your virtue needs no warning from the ſhame that falls on me: but when you think I have attoned my follies paſt—perſuade your injured brother to forgive them.

L. Town. No, madam! your errors thus renounced, this inſtant are forgotten! So deep, ſo due a ſenſe of them, has made you what my utmoſt wiſhes form'd, and all my heart has ſigh'd for.

L. Town. (*turning to La. Grace.*) How odious does this goodneſs make me.

La. Town. Long-parted friends, that paſs through eaſy voyages of life, receive but common gladneſs in their meeting: but from a ſhipwreck ſaved, we mingle tears with our embraces. (*Embracing La. Town.*)

La. Town. What words! what love! what duty can repay ſuch obligations?

L. Town. Preſerve but this deſire to pleaſe, your power is endleſs.

La. Town. Oh!—till this moment, never did I know, my lord, I had a heart to give you.

L. Town. By Heaven, this yielding hand, when firſt it gave you to my wiſhes, preſented not a treaſure more deſirable!—Manly! ſiſter! as you have often ſhared in my diſquiet, partake of my felicity, my new born joy. See here the bride of my deſires; this may be call'd my wedding day.

La. Grace. Siſter! (for now methinks that name is dearer to my heart than ever) let me congratulate the happineſs that opens to you.

Man. Long, long, and mutual may it flow——

L. Town. To make our happineſs compleat, my dear, join here with me to give a hand, that amply will repay the obligation.

La. Town. Siſter! a day like this—

La. Grace. Admits of no excuſe againſt the general joy. (*Gives her hand to Manly.*)

Man. A joy like mine—deſpairs of words to ſpeak it.

L. Town. O Manly, how the name of friend endears the brother. (*Embracing him.*)

Man. Your words, my lord, will warm me to deſerve them.

La. Town. Siſter, to your unerring virtue I now commit the guidance of my future days—

Never the paths of pleaſure more to tread,

But where your guarded innocence ſhall lead.
For in the married ſtate, the world muſt own,
Divided happineſs was never known,
To make it mutual, nature points the way:
Let huſbands govern: gentle wives obey. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *another Room at* Lord Townly's. *Enter* Manly *and a* Servant.

Serv. Sir Francis Wronghead, ſir, deſires to ſpeak with you

Man. Deſire him to walk in.—(*Exit Servant.*) I ſuppoſe by this time his wiſe worſhip begins to find, that the balance of his journey to London is on the wrong ſide. (*Enter Sir Fran.*) Sir Francis, your ſervant; how came I by the favour of this extraordinary viſit?

Sir Fran. Ah! couſin.

Man. Why that ſorrowful face, man?

Sir Fran. I have no friend alive but you—

Man. I am ſorry for that—but what's the matter?

Sir Fran. I have play'd the fool by this journey, I ſee now—for my bitter wife—

Man. What of her?

Sir Fran. Is playing the devil.

Man. Why truly, that's a part that moſt of your fine ladies begin with, as ſoon as they get to London.

Sir Fran. If I am a living man, couſin, ſhe has made away with above two hundred and fifty pounds ſince yeſterday morning.

Man. Hah! I ſee a good houſewife will do a great deal of work in a little time.

Sir Fran. Work do they call it? Fine work indeed.

Man. Well, but how do you mean, made away with it? What, ſhe has laid it out, may be—but I ſuppoſe you have an account of it.

Sir Fran. Yes, yes, I have had the account indeed; but I mun needs ſay, it's a very ſorry one.

Man. Pray let's hear.

Sir Fran. Why, firſt, I let her have an hundred and fifty, to get things handſome about her, to let the world ſee that I was ſomebody! and I thought that ſum was very genteel.

Man Indeed I think ſo; and, in the country, might have ſerved her a twelve-month

Sir Fran. Why ſo it might—but here in this fine town, forſooth! it could not get through four-and-twenty hours—for, in half that time, it was all ſquandered away in baubles, and new-faſhion'd trumpery.

Man. O, for ladies in London, Sir Francis, all this might be neceſſary

Sir Fran. Noa, there's the plague on't; the devil o' one uſeful thing do I ſee for it, but two pair of laced ſhoes, and thoſe ſtond me in three pound three ſhillings a pair too.

Man. Dear ſir, this is his nothing. Why we have city wives here, that while their good man is ſelling three penny-worth of

ſugar, will give you twenty pound for a ſhort apron.

Sir Fran. Mercy on us! What a mortal poor devil is a huſband.

Man. Well, but I hope you have nothing elſe to complain of?

Sir Fran. Ah! would I could ſay ſo too—but there's another hundred behind yet, that goes more to my heart than all that went before it.

Man. And how might that be diſpoſe of?

Sir Fran. Troth, I am almoſt aſhamed to tell you.

Man. Out with it.

Sir Fran. Why ſhe has been at an aſſembly.

Man. What, ſince I ſaw you! I though you all ſupt at home laſt night?

Sir Fran. Why ſo we did—and a'l as merry as grigs—I' cod, my heart was ſo open, that I toſs'd another hundred into her apron, to go out this morning with—But the cloth was no ſooner taken away, than in comes my lady Townly here(—who between you and I—mum, as had the devil to pay yonder—) with another rantipol dame of quality, and out they muſt have her, they ſaid, to introduce her at my lady Noble's aſſembly forſooth—a few words, you may be ſure, made the bargain—ſo, bawnce, and away they drive as if the devil had got into the coach box—ſo about four or five in the morning—home comes madam, with her eyes a foot deep in her head—and my poor hundred pounds left behind her at the hazard table.

Man. All loſt at dice?

Sir Fran. Every ſhilling—among a parcel of pig-tail puppies, and pale-faced women of quality.

Man. But pray, Sir Francis, how came you, after you found her ſo ill an houſewife of one ſum, ſo ſoon to truſt her with another.

Sir Fran. Why truly I mun ſay that was partly my own fault: for if I had not been a blab of my tongue, I believe that laſt hundred might have been ſaved.

Man. How ſo?

Sir Fran. Why, like an owl, as I was, out of good-will, forſooth, partly to keep her in humour, I muſt needs tell her of the thouſand pounds a year I had juſt got the promiſe of—I' cod, ſhe lays her claws upon it that moment—ſaid it was all owing to her advice, and truly ſhe wou'd have her ſhare on't.

Man. What, before you had it yourſelf?

Sir Fran. Why ay! that's what I told her—My dear, ſaid I, mayhap I mayn't receive the firſt quarter on't this half year.

Man. Sir Francis, I have heard you with a great deal of patience, and I really feel compaſſion for you.

Sir Fran. Truly, and well you may, couſin; for I don't ſee that my wife's goodneſs is a bit better for bringing to London.

Man. If you remember, I gave you a hint of it.

Sir Fran. Why ay, it's true you did ſo; but the devil himſelf could not have believed ſhe would have rid poſt to him.

Man. Sir, if you ſtay but a fortnight in this town, you will

every day ſee hundreds as faſt upon the gallop as ſhe is.

Sir Fran. Ah, this London is a baſe place, indeed—waunds, if things ſhould happen to go wrong with me at Weſtminſter, at this rate, how the devil ſhall I keep out of a gaol?

Man. Why truly, there ſeems to me but one way to avoid it.

Sir Fran. Ah, would you could tell me that, couſin.

Man. The way lies plain before you, ſir; the ſame road that brought you hither will carry you ſafe home again.

Sir Fran. Od's fleſh! couſin—what, and leave a thouſand pounds a year behind me?

Man. Pooh—pooh—leave any thing behind you but your family, and you are a ſaver by it.

Sir Fran. Ay, but conſider, couſin, what a ſcurvy figure ſhall I make in the country, if I come dawn withawt it?

Man. You will make a much more lamentable figure in a gaol without it.

Sir Fran. Mayhap 'at yow have no great opinion of it then, couſin?

Man. Sir Francis, to do you the ſervice of a real friend, I muſt ſpeak very plainly to you: you don't ſee half the ruin that's before you.

Sir Fran. Good lack! how may you mean, couſin?

Man. In one word, your whole affair ſtand thus——In a week, you will loſe your ſeat at Weſtminſter: in a fortnight, my lady will run you into a gaol, by keeping the beſt company: In four and twenty hours, your daughter will run away with a ſharper, becauſe ſhe has not been uſed to better company: and your ſon will ſteal into marriage with a caſt miſtreſs, becauſe he has not been uſed to any company at all.

Sir Fran. I'th' name o' goodneſs why ſhould yow think all this?

Man. Becauſe I have proof of it; in ſhort, I know ſo much of their ſecrets, that if all this is not prevented to night, it will be out of your power to do it to-morrow morning.

Sir Fran. Mercy upon us! yow frighten me——waunds! if what you tell me be true, I'll ſtuff my whole family into a ſtage-coach, and trundle them into the country again on Monday morning.

Man. Stick to that ſir, and we may yet find a way to redeem all: in the mean time, place yourſelf behind this ſcreen, and for the truth of what I have told you, take the evidence of your own ſenſes: but be ſure you keep cloſe 'till I give you the ſignal.

Sir Fran. Sir, I'll warrant you——Ah! my lady, my lady Wronghead, what a bitter buſineſs have you drawn me into!

Man. Huſh! to your poſt; here comes one couple already.

[*Sir Francis retires behind the ſcreen. Ex. Man.*

Enter Myrtilla, *with* 'Squire Richard.

'Squ. Rich. What! is this the doctor's chamber?

Myr. Yes, yes; ſpeak ſoftly.

'Squ. Rich. Well, but where is he?

Myr. He'll be ready for us preſently, but he ſays he cannot do us the good turn without witneſſes: ſo, when the Count and your

ſiſter come, you know, he and you may be fathers for one another.

'Squ. Kich. Well, well, tit for tat—ay, ay, that will be friendly.

Myr. And ſee—here they come.

Enter Count Baſſet *and* Miſs Jenny.

C. Baſ So, ſo, here's your brother, and his bride, before us, my dear.

Jenny. Well I vow my heart's at my mouth ſtill. I thought I ſhould never have got rid of mamma—but while ſhe ſtood gaping upon the dance, I gave her the ſlip—lawd! do but feel how it beats here.

C. Baſ. O the pretty flutterer—I proteſt, my dear, you have put mine into the ſame palpitation.

Jenny. Ah! you ſay ſo—but let's ſee now——O lud! I vow it thumps purely——well, well, I ſee it will do, and ſo where's the parſon?

C. Baſ. Mrs. Myrtilla, will you be ſo good as to ſee if the doctor's ready for us?

Myr. He only ſtaid for you, ſir: I'll fetch him immediately. (*Exit Myrtilla.*

Jenny. Pray, ſir, am not I to take place of mamma, when I'm a counteſs?

C. Baſ. No doubt on't, my dear.

Jenny. Oh lud! how her back will be up then, when ſhe meets me at an aſſembly—or you and I in your coach and ſix, at Hyde Park together.

C Baſ. Ay, or when ſhe hears the box-keepers, at an opera, call out——The Counteſs of Baſſet's ſervants.

Jenny. Well, I ſay it, that will be delicious. And then, mayhap, to have a fine gentleman with a ſtar and a what-d'ye callum ribbon, lead me to my chair, with his hat under his arm all the way. Ho'd up, ſays the chairman; and ſo, ſays I, my lord, your humble ſervant. I ſuppoſe, madam, ſays he, we ſhall ſee you at my Lady Quadrille's. Ay, ay, to be ſure, my lord, ſays I. So in ſwops me, with my hoop ſtuff'd up to my forehead, and away they trot, ſwing! ſwang! with my toſſils dangling, and my flambeaux blazing, and—O! its a charming thing thing to be a woman of quality!

C. Baſ. Well, I ſee that plainly, my dear, there's ne'er a ducheſs of 'em all will become an equipage, like you.

Jenny. Well, well, do you find equipage, and I'll find airs, I warrant you. (*Sings.*

'Squ. Rich. Troth! I think this maſquerading the merrieſt game that ever I ſaw in my life; thof' in my mind, and there were but a little wreſtling, or cudgel-playing naw, it would help it hugely.——but what a-rope makes the parſon ſtay ſo?

C. Baſ. Oh! here he comes, I believe,

Enter Myrtilla, *with a* Conſtable.

Conſt. Well, madam, pray which is the party that wants a ſpice of my office here?

Myr. That's the gentleman. (*Pointing to the Count.*

C. Baſ. Hey-day!—what, in maſquerade, doctor?

Conſt. Doctor! Sir, I believe you have miſtaken your man: but if you are called Count Baſſet, I have a billet-doux in my hand for you, that will ſet you right preſently.

C. Baſ. What the devil's the meaning of all this?

Conſt. Only my Lord Chief Juſtice's warrant againſt you for forgery, ſir.

C. Baſ. Blood and thunder!

Conſt. And ſo, ſir, if you pleaſe to pull off your fool's frock there, I'll wait upon you to the next juſtice of peace immediately.

Jenny. O dear me, what's the matter? (*Trembling.*

C. Baſ. Oh, nothing, only a maſquerading frolic, my dear.

'Squ. Rich. Oh ho—is that all?

Sir Fran. No, ſirrah, that is not all.

(*Sir Francis comes ſoftly behind the 'Squire, knocks him down with his cane.*

Enter Manly.

'Squ. Rich. O lawd—O lawd—he has beaten my brains out!

Man. Hold, hold, Sir Francis, have a little mercy upon my poor godſon, pray ſir.

Sir Fran Waunds, couſin, I han't patience.

C. Baſ. Manly—nay, then I'm blown to the devil. (*Aſide.*

'Squ. Rich. O my head—my head—

Enter Lady Wrongnead.

La. Wrong. What's the matter here, gentlemen? for heaven's ſake—what, are you murdering my children?

Conſt. No, no, madam, no murther; only a little ſuſpicion of felony, that's all.

Sir Fran. (*To Jenny.*) And for you, Mrs. Hot-upon't, I could find it in my heart to make you wear that habit as long as you live, you jade you. Do you, know, huſſy, that you were within two minutes of marrying a pickpocket?

C. Baſ. So, ſo, all's out, I find. (*Aſide.*

Jenny. O the mercy!—why pray, papa, is not the Count a man of quality then?

Sir Fran. O yes! one of the unhang'd ones it ſeems.

La. Wrong. [*Aſide*] Married! O the confident thing! there was his urgent buſineſs then—ſlighted for her! I han't patience! —and for ought I know, I have been all this while making a friendſhip with a highwayman.

Man. Mr. Conſtable ſecure that door there.

Sir Fran. Ah my lady! my lady! this comes of your Journey to London! but now I have a frolic of my own, madam; therefore pack up your trumpery this very night, for the moment my horſes are able to crawl, you and your brats ſhall make a journey into the country again.

La Wrong. Indeed you are miſtaken, Sir Francis—I ſhall not ſtir out of town yet, I promiſe you,

Sir Fran. Not ſtir! waunds! madam—

Man. Hold ſir—if you will give me leave a little—I fancy I ſhall prevail with my lady to think better on't

Sir Fran. Ah couſin! you are a friend indeed.

Man. [*Apart to my lady.*] Look you, madam, as to the favour you deſign'd me, in ſending this ſpurious letter incloſed to my lady Grace, all the revenge I have taken, is to have ſaved your ſon and daughter from ruin—Now if you will take themfairly and quietly into the couniry, again, I will ſave your ladyſhip from ruin.

La. Wrong. What do you mean, ſir?

Man. Why, Sir Francis—ſhall never know what is in this letter;—look upon it. How it came into my hands you ſhall know at leaſure.

La. Wrong. Ha! my billet doux to the Count! and an appointment in it! I ſhall ſink with confuſion,

Man. What ſhall I ſay to Sir Francis, madam?

La. Wrong. Dear ſir! I am in ſuch a trembling! preſerve my honour and I am all obedience. (*Apart to Manly.*

Man. Sir Francis—my lady is ready to receive your commands for her journey, whenever you pleaſe to appoint it.

Sir Fran. Ah couſin! I doubt I am obliged to you for it.

Man. Come, come, Sir Francis, take it as you find it. Obedience in a wife is a good thing, though it were never ſo wonderful.—And now, ſir, we have nothing to do but to diſpoſe of this gentleman.

C. Baſ. Mr. Manly! ſir I hope you wont ruin me.

Man. Did not you forge this note for five hundred pounds?

C. Baſ. Sir—I ſee you know the world, and therefore I ſhall not pretend to prevaricate—But as it has hurt nobody yet, ſir, I beg you will not ſtigmatize me! ſince you have ſpoild my fortune in one family, I hope you won't be ſo cruel to a young fellow, as to put it out of my power, ſir, to make it in another, ſir.

Man. Look you, ſir, I have not much time to waſte with you: but, if you expect any mercy yourſelf, you muſt ſhew it to one you have been cruel to.

C. Baſ. Cruel, ſir!

Man. Have you not ruin'd this young woman?

C. Baſ. I, ſir

Man. I know you have—therefore you can't blame her, if, in the fact you are charged with, ſhe is a principal witneſs againſt you. However, you have one, and one only chance to get off with. Marry her this inſtant—and you take off her evidence.

C. Baſ. Dear, ſir!

Man. No words, ſir; a wife or a mittimus.

C. Baſ. Lord, ſir! this is the moſt unmerciful mercy.

Man. A private penance, or a public one—conſtable.

C. Baſ. Hold, ſir. ſince you are pleaſed to give me my choice, I will not make ſo ill a compliment to the lady as not to give her the preference.

Man. It muſt be done this minute, ſir: the chaplain you expected is ſtill within call.

C. Baſ. Well, ſir,—ſince it muſt be ſo—Come, ſpouſe—I am

not the firſt of the fraternity that has run his head into one nooſe to keep it out of another.

Myr. Come, ſir, don't repine: marriage is at worſt, but playing upon the ſquare.

C. Baſ. Ay, but the worſt of the match too, is the devil.

Man. Well, ſir, to let you ſee it is not ſo bad as you think it; as a reward for her honeſty, in detecting your practices, inſtead of the forged bill you would have put upon her, there's a real one, of five hundred pounds, to begin a new honey-moon with. (*Gives it to Myrtilla.*

C. Baſ. Sir, this is ſo generous an act——

Man. No compliments, dear ſir—I am not at leaſure now to receive them.—Mr. Conſtable, will you be ſo good as to wait upon this gentleman into the next room, and give this lady in marriage to him?

Conſt. Sir I'll do it faithfully.

C. Baſ. Well, five hundred will ſerve to make a handſome puſh with, howeve. (*Exeunt Count, Myrtilla, and Conſtable.*

Sir Fran. And that I may be ſure my family's rid of him for ever—come, my lady, let's even take our children along with us, and be all witneſs of the ceremony.

(*Exit* Sir Francis, La. Wrong. Miſs, *and* 'Squire.

Man. Now, my lord, you may enter.

Enter Lord and Lady Townly, and Lady Grace.

L. Town So, ſir, I give you joy of their negociation.

Man. You overheard it all I may preſume?

La. Grace. From firſt to laſt, ſir,

L. Town. Never were knaves and fools better diſpoſed of.

Man. A ſort of poetical juſtice, my lord, not much above the judgment of a modern comedy.

La. Town. To heighten that reſemblance, I think, ſiſter, here only wants your rewarding the hero of the fable, by naming the day of his happineſs.

La. Grace. This day, to morrow, every hour, I hope, of life to come, will ſhew I want not inclination to complete it.

Man. Whatever I may want, madam, you will always find endeavours to deſerve you.

L. Town. Then all are happy.

La. Town. Siſter, I give you joy.

In you, methinks, as in a glaſs I ſee,
The happineſs that once advanc'd to me,
So viſible the bliſs, ſo plain the way,
How was it poſſible my ſenſe could ſtray?
But now a convert to this truth I come,
That married happineſs is never found at home.

FINIS

FINIS